The Universalist Leader

A Journal of Tomorrow

Boston and Chicago

September 9, 1922

Greatness

I like the man who faces what he must
With step triumphant and a heart of cheer,
Who fights the daily battle without fear,
Sees the hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust
That God is God—that somehow, true and just,
His plans work out for mortals; not a tear
Is shed when fortune, which the world holds dear,
Falls from his grasp, better with love a crust
Than living in dishonor; envies not,
Nor loses faith in man, but does his best,
Nor even murmurs at his humbler lot,
But with a smile and words of hope gives zest
To every toiler. He alone is great
Who, by a life heroic, conquers fate.

Sarah Knowles Bolton.

Universalism, the Inevitable Religion of Tomorrow

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819-1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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THE UNIVERSALIST LEADER is published every Saturday at Two Dollars a year.

ENTERED as second clas ma ter at the post office at Boston, Mass. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 19 authorized on July 3, 1918.

POSTAGE prepaid in the United States and Canada. Receipt of subscription is indicated by change of date on the address label. Unless notice to discontinue is received it will be assumed that the subscriber wishes his name to remain on the list.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS—When a change of address is ordered, both the old and the new address must be given.

COMMUNICATIONS intended for the paper should be addressed to the Editor, 176 Newbury St., Boston. If sent voluntarily, it is understood that no payment therefor is expected; payment is made only in case of previous and s ecial contract.

ADVERTISING—*The Leader* will always be glad to receive advertising that will inform its readers where they can obtain reliable goods from epurtable houses. It will invite advertising from those who may be able o supply real needs of its readers, but from no others. We feel sure our constituents will support this policy, which is adopted in their interest, even though it may conflict with our own. —*From an Editorial in the Leader.*

ADVERTISING RATES: Twenty cents per agate line; $2.40 per inch for a single insertion. Contract rates on application.

Universalist Publishing House

HAROLD MARSHALL, Manager

176 NEWBURY STREET, BOSTON

DORCHESTER AVE. AND 60TH ST., CHICAGO

Μιγμα

At present the great mass of the public has sympathy for the law-breaker; just as, in the old days, the peasants could not help admiring the outlaw who resisted unjust land laws and robbed the rich, or as to-day, under the capitalist regime, we can not withhold our sympathy from political prisoners, even though they have committed acts of violence which we deplore. (*Upton Sinclair, in the Book of Life.*)

υ λ

People who live in savage huts and beat on tomtoms and fight with bow and arrow and can not count beyond a dozen—such people are not the mental or moral equals of our highly civilized races, and to treat them as equals, and compete with them on that basis, means simply to exterminate them. And we should either exterminate them at once and be done with it, or else make up our minds that they are in a childhood stage of the race, and that we have to guide them and teach them as we do our children. (*Upton Sinclair, in the Book of Life.*)

υ λ

There are two alternative policies: The first is that we (England) should force America, in her own interests, to face the whole problem of international indebtedness by insisting upon its being treated as a single question; the second is that, by canceling the indebtedness of our Allies, we should set her a generous example that in the long run she would be morally bound to follow—this policy having the advantage of enabling us to unravel the financial tangle of Europe with a minimum of delay. The choice between the two policies depends upon one's estimate of the motives which are most likely to influence American action. The government has chosen the first policy. For our part we should choose the second. (*Westminster Gazette.*)

υ λ

I am convinced myself that there is no more evil thing in this present world than race prejudice; none at all! I write deliberately—it is the worst single thing in life now. It justifies and holds together more baseness, cruelty and abomination than any other sort of error in the world. (*H. G. Wells.*)

υ λ

Thoughtful men are now beginning to see that intellectual education is insufficient to meet the needs of the complex and divided world in which we live. They are beginning to see that education must reach the will and the emotional attitudes, that is to say, that it must be of a moral and religious nature. (*Charles A. Ellwood, in Christian Century.*)

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The Universalist Leader

Two Dollars a Year | 104th Year | New Series | Vol. XXV No. 36

ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above principles be professed.

Editorial

No one yet ever learned to pray who did not try to pray.

* *

The terrapin is never in the soup for those who are in the soup.

* *

A poet clothes the bony skeleton of historic fact with the flesh of grace and beauty.

* *

There is no greater selfishness than that shown by those who ostentatiously help the poor.

* *

It does not follow, because a man is a brilliant and persuasive orator, that his is a message of truth.

* *

Do not fence off your progress with prejudice; there are more paths to heaven than the one or more you have tried.

* *

The whine of the incompetent: I do not want to struggle over the rough terrain at the base; set me up upon the peak and I will show you what I can do!

* *

It is a long, long way to universal peace, which is the only Christian peace, but we are on the way. However short the step that we may take, let us take it.

* *

The pen is still mightier than the sword, but the typewriter is mightier than a "Big Bertha." If you do not believe this just drop even a "portable" on your toe!

* *

There are those who pray that they may grow, and others who pray that they may shrink, and still others, being just about right, are praying that they may be something else!

* *

There are many who judge of churches by the size of the congregation, but they should note the fact that one of the biggest and most regular congregations is to be found in the Mormon temple.

* *

We are going to have one of the finest churches in America at the National Capital. This is a denominational interest dedicated to world service. It should have something from and of every Universalist in the country built into it.

The old fad of driving horses tandem, which was for the purpose of exhibiting the pride of the driver, finds its counterpart to-day when the proud driver seated in his auto is dragged humiliatingly in tandem with the farm wagon to the nearest garage.

* *

One Method of Doing It

One of our ministers is rejoicing over the fact that during a short pastorate he has taken seventy new members into his church, which is doing pretty well for a small city. Questioned as to his methods, he placed in our hands a little card on one side of which is printed the following: "Believing in the organization that stands for the best things in a community, and wishing to show my allegiance to the cause of truth and rightousness, I present my name for membership in the First Universalist Church." On the other side of the card the Five Principles of Universalism appear, as the formal faith through which the "best things" find expression and are set to service. The advantage of this system is its simplicity. In these days, when there are many who want a working religion instead of a speculative theology, who do not want to be tied up or down to a lot of often petty details, and who do not crave elaborate and formal details of ecclesiastical form, it is the open door to what many want and all should have, identification with some church. It is not a too wide open door, for devout and fitting services confirm the entering into the fellowship and companionship of organized service.

Let's Go to the Movies

Thus spake Uncle Sam to Aunt Sarah, saying, "Let us take all the children and go to the movies." But Aunt Sarah said, "It will cost a great deal of money, and can we afford it?" Uncle Sam replied, "Well, last year we took only a part of our children, and it cost us seven hundred and fifty millions of dollars, but what is that three-quarters of a billion to me?" "But, Sam," said Aunt Sarah, "we are pretty deeply in debt, and a good deal of the money we have loaned is not very well secured; what will the end be?" "Now Sarah," said Uncle Sam, "you women must remember that you have only just come out of the shell, and do not know as much as do we men! We know the verdict of ancient history and modern politics, that if we keep the people amused, and never trouble them with

serious problems, everything will be all right in our day, and we can let the future take care of itself!" Aunt Sarah did not have much to say, but a good deal to do, because the children come in her department. So she said to Uncle Sam: "If you will take the children to the movies you must be sure that the pictures are clean, and historically correct, without being dull. That is, they must so supplement the schools and churches that their worth will be recognized, and they must at the same time be amusing and entertaining. There are few things for which we are paying so much to-day, and all I ask is that we get the worth of our money, and our money's worth of good children from which to make our future citizens." Now isn't that just like a woman?

The Chief Factor

The sooner we recognize that the child of to-day is the chief factor in the Church of to-morrow, the better it will be for the Church and also for the child. When Germany thought of world-conquest, it began two generations back to develop a people who would lay down their lives for that great end, and the move was altogether too near success to leave the rest of us comfortable. Big things require much time for growth. We have a missionary notion that we can go into any place and establish a society and build a church in two or three years. It will not stand the test of experience. A beautiful church was builded in a beautiful city and it seemed like magic, for out of humble surroundings it leaped into the public eye, but on the corner-stone it was noted that the society was established twenty-one years ago. The children it taught in its Sunday school in the old days were the ones who made possible the fine edifice. How are we training our children? What are we teaching them? Are we making them alive to their part in the world's development? Why should not we, instead of saturating the minds of our children, after the German fashion, with the rule of force, saturate them with the service of faith? We must come to the sustaining of our Sunday schools and young people's societies, teaching and showing them something definite in the program of life—something specific. If we can make positive one vital thing each Sunday, we shall place fifty-two vital things each year, and that is almost enough for a working program.

* *

THERE IS GREAT JOY IN CREATING

WIND-JAMMING, whether in the Senate or elsewhere, never created a happy home; political demagoguery never gave a day's work to a laboring man. There is more real pleasure and happiness in creating, building, helping, than in carping criticism, tearing down, and knocking."

When Senator Smoot uttered those words in the United States Senate not long ago, he made a statement which not only Senators, but ministers and writers, and members of all classes, should lay to heart and ponder well.

The Church, like many other institutions, has been subjected to a broadside of criticism for a long time. If part of the effort that has been used in criticising the Church had been expended in assisting it, the Church would be better to-day. One man who realizes that the Church is not yet perfect, but who works to improve it, is worth more than a hundred fault-finding critics, who do nothing but condemn.

Senator Smoot is right. There is great joy in creating, in building, in helping.

* *

WHAT SOME REAL FLESH AND BLOOD YOUNG FOLKS THINK

THESE are not the kind of young folks who are closely associated with the Church—those are wise in moderation—but the Methodist Church has been getting at the genuine opinions of some of the young people in the rural districts of the South, by a questionnaire. The answers furnish stimulating reading but should be read when the sense of humor is functioning! And the reading should be followed by a season of prayer for wisdom! Here are a few of the suggestions we get from the mountaineers of the South, as to what is needed to make the Church a success:

> "Have preachers who do not bless out the young people for trying to be happy, but will take an interest in the welfare of the body as well as the spirit."
>
> "Move the churches away from the graveyards and open up play grounds around them."
>
> "Let the preachers cut out the howl."
>
> "Teach the folks how to sing."
>
> "Have a clock that will ring a loud alarm at the end of an hour, and then if things don't stop, shoot!"
>
> "Get it into the heads of the preachers that other things are just as important as going to prayer meeting and listening to sermons."
>
> "Have sermons on agriculture as well as on total depravity.
>
> "Let the preachers realize that the young people usually want to be good and do right. What they need is direction, not cussin'."
>
> "Tear down some of the churches and build neighborhood houses."
>
> "Pay the preacher enough to enable him to buy a book occasionally, a suit of clothes when he needs it, and to keep his family out of the poor house."

* *

A CLARION CALL

WE are soon to hear from our leaders a clarion call to duty on a scale large enough to challenge the historic spirit of the Universalist Church, and every man, woman and child in it. Opportunity spells obligation and privilege. The opportunity is here with its obligation and privilege. And now is the time.

We did a great thing when we put over the big "drive" and added over a million dollars to our assets. It put heart into us all, and lifted our Church from the position of a historic remnant, and it became a living promise. It revealed what we could do under inspired leadership. Having done it once we are going to do it again, and do it quick. We are not looking for a million dollars this time, and yet, in proportion to the work to be done, this campaign is not less important than was what we call the big one.

We should have very near a half million of dollars to accomplish the two specific objects in view and tone up the auxiliary supports. We are going to do a big thing and do it right, so that the reaction will stir all

of our people to the heart, and awaken an enduring missionary spirit.

Before, we worked for the general good of the cause without specific point; now we are going to work through two specific points for the general good of the cause.

Concentration is the law of the age; we of course desire to reach the people in the most distant parts of our country and the world. We have the key to the world's peace and happiness, and we must deliver the goods. We are at present handicapped because we can not send our messenger to every part of the world, and must therefore concentrate upon certain influential centers from which the light will ray out to those in the shadow.

Therefore, we are going to establish and equip a great National Church in the city of Washington, because a mighty current of representatives of all the peoples of the whole world is setting back and forth through our Capital, and we must place there a voice of wisdom and power, which, under favorable conditions, will proclaim our world-message. We can not do less. Other Churches have already done this. It is our opportunity and duty.

The second specific objective is in Tokyo, Japan, that young nation with an ancient history that is becoming a most vital factor in the future development of civilization. We should and must introduce into this development the essential principles of our faith, and the opening for our faith which will be effective must be through the youth of that wonderful land. So we are going to open a center there in the form of a Boys' Home. It must be a big one and the best one, to fittingly carry the best faith.

These two mighty centers await our development and equipment on a large scale; upon them the attention of every person in our Church must be fixed, to them every person in our Church must contribute. It may be there is some person—or some church—who can give the whole amount necessary, but this would not accomplish the object, the supreme object. We want every man, woman and child tied to this enterprise by a contribution, so that when they go to Washington or to Tokyo and look upon these glorious achievements, they can say with pride, I am a partner in that enterprise.

* *

JAN. 1, A. D. 33, VOL. 1, NO. 1

THAT is the date which would have appeared at the head of the *Disciples' Herald* had there been any such newspaper twenty-two hundred years ago. And if we had a copy of that paper it would probably contain some interesting reading, and be quite up to date, for human nature in the fundamentals does not change any more in a few hundred generations than theological fundamentals change in a single generation of Bryan!

We have been fortunate enough to secure a specimen of this early publication. The paper has wholly disintegrated and crumbled to dust, the ink has faded to invisibility, but it remains for those who are endowed with fervid imagination to decipher some of the news of that earlier day.

We discover that the religious world was already divided into many parties or sects, and when it was discovered that a new sect was being formed with the *Disciples' Herald* as its official organ, and that views antagonistic to the old were being proclaimed, all these older sects came together as one to put down the terrible heresy, and make it hot for the heretics! The old fellows appealed to the ancient scriptures, and called upon the prophets of old, being determined to suppress everything that indicated change. There was one sect called the Pharisees, larger than all the others, that was especially antagonistic, but there was no friendliness on the part of any, save one which claimed to be "liberal." The leaders of this sect very patronizingly allowed that there was some good in the new heretics' faith and the thing for the new sect to do was to come with all its followers into the "Liberal Fold," and these "Liberals" would administer their property and their opportunity for them. But when the new sect declined to be absorbed, they looked upon it with pity, and thought how exceeding foolish it was of them not to be swallowed by so respectable a body!

In connection with these news notes of certain activities in the religious world, we were enabled to make out with much difficulty an editorial, bearing upon the same subject. There was no signature, but evidence enough to make us sure that it came from a "high-up" source. If there had ever been an introduction it had faded away, and so we had to plunge right into a plea for loyalty and integrity and fidelity to truth regardless of personal feelings and personal interests. Religious sects were formed, not for the sake of a big following, but to establish certain vital truths to be the ruling factors in the salvation of mankind. In the course of human development there must be along the way many different instrumentalities; sects are of more or less worth as they fill their useful place. Their success is not in their personal popularity nor financial power, but in the service they render, and their continued life is justified only by the truth they are planting in the hearts of men. There is no justification for quarrels among sects, they and their work are simply on exhibition.

Here has come the truth represented in the *Disciples' Herald* which is the flowering of these old religions which so bitterly oppose. It comes not to destroy, but to fulfil; it is inclusive of all truth, it takes its place among the religious forces of the world to be justified by its works.

These are but a few fragments upon which was based an appeal for fidelity to the revelation of truth which has come to the world in this humble way. Those disciples were set with their faces towards the rising sun; they were to look forward, not back; they were to have open minds and receptive hearts, in short, they were to be living disciples of their living Master. They would have to suffer privations, persecutions, and even death, but they were to be faithful unto the end.

It would be good if we could decipher more of this ancient editorial, for it is needed to-day, when the whole Christian Church has become flabby, when it does not know what it stands for, and has not the courage to stand for it if it does. But perhaps there may be a suggestion here for some one, to make it worth our while gathering up these ashes of the distant past.

The Universalist View of Life*

The Rev. O. E. Olin

"He knoweth our frame: He remembereth that we are dust." Psa. 103 : 14.

THIS generation is seeing a determined effort to solve the problem of life—what life is, what is its purpose, what is its destiny. The solution is taken up from many different angles, and by many different people.

Theology is breaking away from ancient creed and tradition, and studying anew the evidence of revelation and prophecy and history.

Mysticism is probing the conscious, the subconscious and the superconscious mind of man in an effort to link up the material and the spiritual realms of nature.

The foremost scholars of the world in biology and chemistry and physics and philosophy are searching among the primal atoms of matter, with scalpel and crucible and radium light, to find the secret of existence. We are not satisfied longer to take anything for granted where man's highest interests are concerned, and where knowledge is possible.

You of mature years are perfectly familiar with the deprecatory idea of life, when human life was belittled in every way. This text was made evidence. We are dust. We were taught to think of ourselves as worms of the dust. We were vile sinners, totally depraved in nature, incapable of a good thought or deed.

Moreover, we were inexpressibly vile in the eyes of our Creator. Jonathan Edwards said: "God hates you worse than you hate the vilest reptile. He holds you over the pit of hell, and would gladly cast you down, but for the intercession of His Son."

Coupled with *our* unworthiness was the whole material world. Even the great Apostle speaks of "our vile bodies," these marvelous abodes of the soul.

I and all of my age were taught this view of nature in the mistaken idea that it enhanced the purity of a spiritual God. As if you should praise the glory of an artist by proclaiming that the works of his hands were beneath contempt! And all this time, floating over the years and through the centuries—haunting the mind like the deep tone of a bell or the basic strain of a symphony—was that first judgment of the skies, "And God saw all that he had made, and behold it was very good."

Out of this illogical view of life grew the monstrous doctrine of total depravity, with its necessary accompaniment of vicarious atonement, its necessary process of regeneration, and its altogether unnecessary cruelty of eternal punishment.

The young people of to-day are brought up in an entirely different atmosphere. The leading thought in church and school and literature and art and the power of law is the worth and the dignity of human life.

David, the shepherd poet and king, knew the stars as he knew his flocks. He knew their wonder and their mightiness, and it awed his soul.

"When I consider thy heavens"—how petty seem all our distances, our powers, our very existence. Our little earth, 8,000 miles in diameter—and out there our brother planet Jupiter, 85,000 miles, and the sun, the center of our system, 866,000 miles across, and out in infinite space stars that are 200,000,000 miles across, that would fill our solar system to the orbit of Mars.

The greatest distance between two points on our earth is twelve and a half thousand miles; and the greatest journey we can take is our yearly cycle of 580,000,000 miles. But our sun with all its planets is sweeping through the heavens in a great circle that it will take 18,000,000 years to finish; and the telescope to-night picks up the light that has been traveling toward us from distant stars—traveling for ten thousand years at five trillion miles a year.

"When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars that thou hast ordained, what is man that thou considerest him?"

Looking out into the immensity of space and power the deprecatory, the depreciating, idea of life seemed the right one.

But this is the day of the telescope and the microscope and the microphone and the spectroscope and the dynamo and the galvanometer, and the myriads of devices by which we lay bare the structure and the forces of nature. And we find that extending below man is another series as great as that above. From the mammoth beasts of the field on down to smaller and smaller animals, and on through the insect tribe to the farthest range of human vision; from the giant of the forest that grows four hundred feet in the air and lives five thousand years, to the tiniest plant that can be seen, that is born and buried in an hour; and then microscope and radiant light take up the quest, and to our wonder we find that the two series are continued far beyond our sight, and microbes and bacteria swarm in earth and air and water and the tissues of every living thing.

Looking from the lowest point we have found in this series up to where man stands as the head of created life, we come back to David's question with a new emphasis, "Lord, what *is* man that thou visitest him? Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels; thou hast crowned him with glory and honor." That is where science has placed man to-day, and there theology must place him, too.

And with this advancing position of human life has come the dignity of the material universe, also. We no longer look at it as divided into matter and spirit with separate realms and separate laws. There is a unity to all that God has made. One law runs through it all, that shades off into finer and finer forces as it deals with finer material.

Spiritual beings as we are, we feel the majesty of the storm, and the sweep of land and sea, and the infinite tenderness of the blue sky. Our lives expand as we see the mountains lift themselves into the clouds, or when we rise into the air and see the earth as the eagle sees it. And when we examine the exquisite beauties of color and form and the marvelous adaptation of

*Occasional sermon at the Ohio State Convention.

means to end, every scholar stands where Wordsworth did:

> "To me the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

This is the modern idea of God's creation.

This text was given to show the love and care of God for all that He has called into existence. He puts no burdens upon us that we can not bear; He makes no requirements that we can not meet; He calls us into no heights for which He has not provided a pathway. "He remembereth that we are dust."

And this is intimately bound up with the purpose of life. Science has put into everything the idea of teleology, cause and effect, plan and design, adaptation of means to end: "Nothing walks with aimless feet." We are in a universe of law and order. Evolution is the slow working out of a stupendous purpose. And we need not fear it.

But our trouble is that many of us are afraid to admit a world of change. Everything must be as it always has been. And this, too, in spite of the fact that we see the coming of the silvery hair, the furrowed cheek, the bowed head and the lying down to sleep. From unbroken forest to cleared field and bare hills and rising cities and highways of commerce and all the comforts and luxuries of life!

Why, there are those among you who can close their eyes and still see the log cabin and the ox cart and the tallow dip and the cradle to harvest the scanty fields of wheat; and open them again upon electric lighted homes and rushing trains and trolley cars and airships and smiling orchards and billowy fields of grain; can hear the hum of industry, the roar of traffic, and the voices of the air three thousand miles away.

All this in one lifetime, and yet we are afraid of a world of change, afraid that if God has not finished His purposes He can not accomplish them in the ages of eternity! "O ye of little faith."

We speak of the solid earth, "rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun." The solid earth! And yet astronomy traces back to the time when the earth and all her sister and brother planets and the sun itself were but a glowing nebula—a cloud of incandescent gas. And geology traces its later history: the lifting of the mountain ranges and the coming of the successive waves of life. We see all nature interested for the time in some one phase.

It may be vegetable life; and then the earth is clothed in green from pole to pole; great forests rise and fall and rise again till the surplus carbon shall be taken out of the air and stored up in mammoth beds, out of which may come the coal and oil and gas to support a civilization a hundred thousand years away.

Or it may be a higher phase, and then self-moving life shall fill both sea and land, from the single cell to the huge bulk a hundred feet long and twenty feet high. These too shall serve their day in life, and in their death shall print their forms on the enduring stone of hill and plain and mountain top and ocean depth, to be the wonder of a distant age.

We see the work of the great ice fields as they ground down the rocks and pulverized them into soil, and the glaciers, the ice plows, that furrowed out the valleys and crushed the hills together, and we know that the beautiful earth, verdant and flower spangled, is yet seamed and scarred all over by the battles it has fought for you and for me.

So is the dust of the earth on its long pilgrimage.

Afraid of change!

The astronomer measures the midnight, night after night, when the same star crosses the meridian; but he knows that each time we are a million miles away from the spot where we were the night before.

This day is the summer solstice, and we think we have come back to our accustomed spot in the heavens, but we are 450,000,000 miles away from where we were this night a year ago; moreover, we shall never be in that part of the heavens again. We are on a great voyage where we never make the same port twice. And every twinkling light of the sky is in as great activity.

There is nothing real that is not active. Activity is one of the signs and tests of reality. Radium seems ever constant. It may glow for a thousand years, the most active thing we know; but all the time it is changing into another substance, and from that to another, and another and another, till it reaches the dull and heavy lead. Every ounce of lead in the earth has come that radiant path of change, and what it shall yet be we do not know. Every atom in the universe is a whirling mass of motion to make the *realities* upon which we base our lives.

It is slowly dawning upon us that we are in a great ocean of change, that only the Infinite can be changeless, only the Eternal can be ever the same. Shall we then fear change?

The doctrine of evolution is a doctrine of development—that all change is progress, that every material thing, sensate or insensate, all conscious life, rational or spiritual, is on the pathway of eternal progress. This at once gives meaning to human life and to the world.

There is a great deal of discussion just now about evolution as a theory, and it centers upon unimportant points, principally upon whether man descended from the higher apes.

Mr. Bryan and other good religious men feel that the dignity of the race, and the authority of revelation, and the foundations of morals, are all endangered if we teach the Darwinian theory of the descent of man. They believe in a changeless creation.

I am certainly willing to let every man trace his pedigree in the way that seems most reasonable in his case. But you do not have to believe in monkey ancestry to believe in the progress and the power of development. In fact, some of our professors of biology are now telling us that it is just the other way—that the monkey is a descendant of the human race, that he is an offshoot of degenerate man; and they find as much evidence on their side as there seems to be on the other.

If, as our scientists tell us, it took the monkey thousands and thousands of years to make a man of himself, it is certainly true that a man can make a monkey of himself in far less time. The fact is there are two genealogies, and you may take your choice.

There are some who are content to count themselves the sons of Adam, who was the son of a gorilla, which was the son of an ape, which was the son of a

monkey, which was the son of a jelly-fish, which was the son of a cell that was born an orphan. No matter by what devious lines you trace it, something must be born an orphan to start that series.

There is another that I like better. It is in the third chapter of Luke. And by that you can write the life history of every man and woman here, and you can close it, in Luke's splendid fashion: "Which was the son of Seth, which was the son of Adam, which was the son of God." And there I rest it. This modern theory of development gives new meaning, as I said, to all experience. The medieval notion of probation—that we are put here in weakness and ignorance to face stupendous temptations and organized wickedness, and the power of an omnipotent evil one, to stand or fall eternally by a few years of feeble warfare—fails before any real philosophy of life.

We are not put here to see whether we are fit for eternal life; we are put here to *begin* eternal life. And He who put us here remembers that we are dust. He has implanted instincts that we shall be cared for. He has given us an infancy longer than other living creature, that sympathy and love and affection shall be so grounded in our lives that they shall never leave them through all eternity.

We are born with all our powers; but they must be developed. We must be fearless and true and wise and good; and we are led through a training that makes us all these. Earth makes us brave.

In the Scandinavian mythology Brunhilde, Wotan's favorite Valkyr, had disobeyed him and was doomed to sleep away the years upon a mountain top, till found and waked by a mortal knight, whose prize she should be. The doom was irrevocable and Brunhilde asked but this boon of the great war god, that he would make the way so difficult and surround her with such terrors that the man who should find her and wake her should be the bravest knight of all the earth. And Wotan with his spear drew an awful ring of fire about her. He filled the mountain with dangers seen and unseen, with dragons and every form of terror. Siegfried battled his way through one difficulty after another, growing stronger and braver with every conquest, and when he reached the summit and waked Brunhilde he *was* the bravest knight in all the earth.

So this earth with its difficulties, its dangers, its sorrows, and its storms develops us. That is its meaning. Sorrow darkens your path, and you would avoid it. You would run away if you could. A storm looms on the horizon and you would flee for shelter if you could; but you are held like adamant to the material world, and you must face that storm.

In the day of childish sorrow we could lay our heads in mother's lap and cry it out. But there comes a time when we must meet it with eye undimmed and cheek unblanched and heart unchilled, with the God-like power to stand alone. We are led through every danger, but we are always under guard. "He remembereth that we are dust."

We are every minute sweeping through a stellar cold that is absolute zero, as much colder than liquid air as liquid air is colder than the air we breathe. If we were exposed to it but for an instant it would be universal death. But God has thrown about us the blanket of the atmosphere and we feel it not. We are under guard.

There is power in a beam of light, if it fell unchecked, to shatter a granite bowlder into powder. But God has put between that light and us a mightier power still, and the sunbeam falls on the cheek of a babe as lightly as the petal of a rose. We are under guard.

There are greater powers pulsing about us than any of which we know. It must be so, for this is the universe of the Omnipotent God. There are pitiless storms on our way; but when the conflicts of earth are too terrible for His children God Himself steps before us to take the storm in His own almighty breast. We are under guard.

But if we are God's children there must come a time when in our personality we shall stand self-poised while all the cosmic forces of the universe are sweeping by. We have a little wisdom now; but our outlook is narrowed in many ways. But there must come a time when we shall choose from all the limitless fields of action, and the choice must be *right*.

We have a power of choice, a free will of very narrow margin. But there will come a time when we must be entirely self-directed, with infinite responsibility. We are good now, always however with some alloy, but there will come a time when the soul must be so radiantly true that all evil is repelled of itself, and God shall look us through and through and see no darkness there.

Now the material world is the great field where we are developed in these things. And we are put in a material body and subject to material laws, where we can not run away from our tasks till God can dare make us free children of His infinity. That is the modern idea of development and value.

And so there are these two views of life, that might be called the *static* and the *dynamic*.

The one, that we are by nature worthless and helpless and must forever remain so unless regenerated by imputed righteousness. We are dust and must always be dust. The other, that we are born in the image of God and we must develop the beauty and the power and the purity of that image, as the artist develops the picture on the sensitive plate.

In school after school—in laboratory after laboratory—God leads us to perfection. In the one view this world is a wilderness of woe, and we may well long for deliverance and sing, "When shall my labors have an end? When shall I reach my home?" We are dust and must remain dust.

In the other this world is refinery and graded school and workshop and playground all in one. This dynamic view of life is the one of hope. There is no condition of our experience, however beautiful, that we would dare to stamp as eternal. We outgrow our hopes, our ideals even, many times in life. The only abiding incentive is continual progression, ultimate harmony, ultimate beauty, ultimate perfection.

And we need hope. The world is weary, oh so weary. In the last twelve months in this country alone there have been twenty thousand suicides, and men are asking: What is wrong with life? What is wrong with society? What is wrong with religion?

Men need hope.

We say that science is the handmaid of religion. In like manner religion should be the handmaid of life. It should give us the grounds for courage and patience and hope.

When Secretary Weeks, before the splendid boys at Ann Arbor, lamented the destruction that seems awaiting our country, he but voiced the discouragement of many people. "What can we do," they say, "when one-third of our people are hopelessly diseased; when one-half of them are below the mental age of twelve years; when our insane asylums and homes for the feeble minded are running over full; when there are more people in the penitentiaries than there are in the colleges and universities?"

They say that God urges us to an impossible task, impossible even for Himself. Dr. Gordon, the great Orthodox minister of Boston, said many years ago, "If God shall succeed in His purposes, all men will be saved; but I do not believe He can succeed." The trouble seems to be that we are only dust. What can be done with the dust of the earth?

What can *you* do with the dust of the earth?

You hew it out of the quarry and fashion it and build the monuments that defy the years; and out of it you make the temples and the palaces of the earth.

You put it in the furnace and melt it and refine it and mold it into all the forms of use that are the basis of industry and art, that you may plough the seas and sail the air. You put it on the potter's wheel and mold it and carve it and burn it into whiteness, and it becomes the Haviland of your tables, and the alabaster and snowy porcelain of your parlors. You mix it and melt it and make the clear glass, and the prism that divides the colors, and the lens that reveals the hidden wonders of the universe. You make it into a slender needle that guides you unerringly by land and sea and air. You cut and polish and carve it into all the sparkling jewels that add to the beauty and refinement of your life.

What does God do with the dust of the earth?

He packs it into the quarries as sandstone and limestone and quartz and granite, that you may build your cities and bridges and highways. He crystallizes it into Parian marble, that earth may have the Parthenon and men may carve the wondrous forms that are the masterpieces of all time. He makes it into gold and silver and amethyst and onyx and agate and every precious stone. He calls it out of the dark earth to wave in the grasses and grains of the field, to dance in the leaves of the trees, to charm us with all the colors of the rainbow and the perfumes of Araby in the flowers. He changes it by His alchemy into the luscious fruits of orchard and garden.

He takes the miry clay, and refines it and purifies it and puts it under pressure and crystallizes it and gives it the crimson of the rose, and we call it the ruby. He takes the sand of the path, and refines it and purifies it and puts it under pressure and crystallizes it and puts a glint of fire in its heart, and we call it the opal. He takes the soot of the factory, and refines it and purifies it and puts it under pressure and crystallizes it and gives it all the colors of the sunlight, and we call it the diamond. And the dust of the earth is locked in eternal beauty by the laws of God.

He can not succeed?

He sent His prophet to take the rulers of Israel down to the potter's house to see him mold the clay upon his wheel into every shape he wished. And if it was marred in the making he mixed it again and put it back on the wheel until he molded it into the form that was in his mind.

And God said: "O house of Israel, can not I do with you as this potter? Behold as the clay in the potter's hand, so are ye in mine hand, O house of Israel."

"He remembereth that we are dust."

Yea, but what *is* the dust?

Since the days of the first philosopher, we have been striving to analyze matter. Physics separated it down to the molecule, the smallest element that can remain a substance.

Then chemistry separated the molecule into atoms, the smallest entities that it was supposed could exist. Then physicist and chemist attacked the atom; and they found that it is not the indivisible element that Democritus thought. And they separated it into invisible points of electricity, held in place and motion by their own attraction, as gravitation holds the stars. Electrons are not a *thing* but a *force*. These electrons by their steady pull, their explosions, their swift revolutions, drive on the whole system of the universe. But should there come some great electric impulse that would change the direction of these attractions—some new polarizing force—then the whole material universe as we know it would disappear in an instant of time.

The world then—every tiny bit of dust—resolves at last into whirling points of force. And whence is this force? Trace it back and back and back, and now philosophy has to come to our help. Philosophy, that must make the foundation for every science, finds only one absolute reality, the Ground Reality of the Universe, and that is God Himself.

All force and power and reality emanate from Him. Electron and atom and molecule and the myriad forms of a material world are but the outstreaming and ongoing power of Almighty God. It is literally true that in Him we live and move and have our being. It is literally true that He is the creator and upholder of all that is. It is literally true that not a sparrow falleth without your Father.

It is literally true that in its last analysis the only thing you deal with in all the universe is God Himself. And what comfort that brings the heart.

I have four children. One is in the heavens; one is teaching on the prairies of Kansas; one is this night on the waves of the Pacific on her way to a distant land for a two years' service; and one is in the home nest with the mother. And I could have no quiet or gladness in life if I did not believe that they and I and you and all of us are always held in the hollow of an omnipotent and a living hand.

Can He not then do what He will with His own? Can He not mold all elements as the potter molds the clay? Can He not call sun and star and planet, and make a system of the heavens? Can He not draw together human personality and refine it and purify it and crystallize it into immortal beauty, as with the diamond and the ruby?

He has pledged Himself that He will perfect all

that He has made. His very laws are His promises. And He remembers. When Israel complained that God had forgotten them, He sent His prophet to say: "Can the mother forget her nursing child?" Every mother has her answer—No. "Can the mother forget her child?" Yea, she *may!* "Yea, she may," God says, "but thee will I *never forget.*" Blessed be God! He will never forget one of His children.

And to assure us still further He has confirmed this with an oath, swearing by Himself, for there is no greater, that His word shall not return void but shall accomplish that whereunto He sent it, that unto Him every knee shall bow and every tongue confess, surely shall say in the Lord I have found righteousness and strength.

In the light of this we can believe that if God has created anything in all the universe that shall work out ultimate harm to His children His own imperial goodness stands impeached. "He remembereth that we are dust."

This is the message that Universalism brings to the hearts of men—this dynamic idea of life: That we are *all* the children of the loving Father; that we are all on the upward way of progress—even through our failures; that God always strives to bring us into closer communion with Him; that He has pledged Himself that some time this perfection will come—that some time we shall stand blameless before the presence of His glory. And the dust of the earth shall be the glory of God.

English Correspondence

THERE was much that was fascinating in the career and attractive in the personality of Lord Northcliffe. Beginning in Grub Street as an almost penniless youth, he died at fifty-seven a peer of the realm and the millionaire proprietor of a great journalistic machine which he had himself created. In so far as any outstanding material success can be deserved, Lord Northcliffe deserved the prosperity that came to him. He was essentially a big man. He knew his business from end to end, and could do anything that had to be done in making or selling a newspaper. His literary skill was of no mean order. Some of the letters he wrote during his world tour were models of descriptive reporting. But he was not, like so many journalists, a writer only. He showed his business acumen in revolutionizing the system of newspaper distribution in England. He was able, it is said, to operate the linotype and to start and stop the presses. He could attend to the smallest details without losing the general perspective. He had an almost uncanny skill in divining the public taste, and was quick and alert in seizing the opportunities of exploiting it. He was equally keen in discerning the possibilities of talent in individual men and in finding scope for their gifts in his service. His energy never slackened. Apart from everything else, he rarely wrote less than 1,000 words a day throughout his life. He lived vividly and brought an infinite zest to everything he attempted. Right or wrong, he was always interesting, and never relaxed his hostility to everything that was commonplace or jogtrot.

When Arnold Bennett wrote his brilliant play, "What the Public Wants," he touched the secret of Northcliffe's career and expounded the workings of his mind. Early in life, Alfred Harmsworth realized that what the public wanted was to get something for nothing, and his missing word competitions and his offer of a pound a week for life to the person who could guess the amount of the Bank of England's returns for a given week made *Answers* one of the best-paying properties in the English press. The success of his other weekly journals catering for the half-educated and for special classes was due to a similar unfailing instinct for gauging the mentality of the multitudes.

His entrance into the field of daily journalism marked a new stage. There has been a good deal of absurd exaggeration in some of the obituary comments on the effect of Northcliffe's acquisition of the *Evening News* and starting of the *Daily Mail.* He was the first London editor, it has been said, to realize that people had a multiplicity of interests outside politics. He rescued daily journalism, we are told, from the hands of "the dull leader-writers of a past generation." Those who write thus evidently know nothing of the press of the pre-Northcliffe era. As a matter of fact, the editorials in the *Daily Mail* have not to this day approached for sparkle and liveliness those in the *Daily News* of forty years ago. And for a daily press all a tingle with concern for everything that men and women are interested in, the example had been set by W. T. Stead when the future Lord Northcliffe was still absorbed in scissoring out his weekly snippets. Even the boast that Northcliffe was the first to utilize the power of the press in changing Government policies can only be made by those who forget, or never knew, how Stead compelled the Gladstone Administration to send Gordon to Khartoum.

It was not as a pioneer that Northcliffe really distinguished himself. Sir George Newnes, with his *Titbits,* had shown the way for *Answers,* and Stead, in the *Pall Mall Gazette,* had acclimatized the interview and in other ways brought a more vivid note into daily journalism. Northcliffe's art was rather in seizing other men's ideas and developing and adapting them for his own purposes. In his early ventures he had provided mental recreation for the office boy and the servant girl. In the *Daily Mail* he gave the snobbish, respectable and ultra-patriotic middle classes of the London suburbs just the newspaper to reflect their own prejudices and to titillate their intelligence without demanding any serious mental effort. Luckily for Northcliffe, the Boer War came along only a few years after the starting of the *Daily Mail.* That gave him his chance for displaying his mastery of the psychology of the crowds. He understood better than any other man in England how to play upon the emotions of a nation at war, and he was rewarded by seeing the sale of the *Daily Mail* rise on some occasions to a million copies—a circulation hitherto unprecedented in the history of the British press. Many years later he achieved the great coup of capturing the *Times.* Once more he proved his consummate skill in adapting his methods to the requirements of his constituency. There was something of a shock as soon as it was known

that a journal which was regarded almost as a national institution had come under the control of a man who had shown so little respect for established convention. The new proprietor, however, was considerate of the sensibilities of the old readers, and introduced his innovations so gradually and almost imperceptibly that no one was disgruntled.

A colossus of the newspaper world, undoubtedly! But what motives inspired the giant in his use of the giant's strength? It has been said that there is nothing like journalism if you want to get things done and don't care who gains the credit for doing them. If you want to get things done—that purpose was the secret of Stead's career. He was passionately devoted to certain causes, and recognized in the press the most efficient instrument for helping them. He was essentially a preacher, who made his editorial desk his pulpit. Northcliffe was no preacher, but a quick-change variety artist, whose motto was: If this stunt doesn't catch on with the crowd, try them with another! Living in a period of exceptional political and social ferment, he had no real interest in any of the great movements of his day, and his name will not be associated with any of them. Unless a bombastic and inordinate belief in the British Empire as the vicegerent of the Almighty can be so described, there was no great principle for which he fought. At no time did he give any sign of a statesmanlike grasp of political questions. He had never thought out any one of the problems of the day. It is significant that, according to some of his intimate associates, he was impatient of all argument in conversation. He was unwilling to follow even the simplest discussion of an issue like free trade and protection or pacifism and militarism. "Emotion," says one of his friends, "was his substitute for thought, and each day saw a fresh bath of it new filled for his readers. They were not required to think, only to feel." Hence the lack of any fundamental or consistent principle in his political creed. Caprice was the distinctive note of his journalistic policies. To-day's opinion might be thrown overboard to-morrow without any adequate reason offered. This helps, too, to explain why, after his elevation to the peerage, he took no part in the House of Lords debates, though he is said to have been a good speaker. A discussion in a legislative assembly requires argument; it involves the possibility of a reply; and Lord Northcliffe shrewdly preferred to exert his influence in politics through a medium which spared him the risk of being answered.

His overmastering passion, every one agrees, was an appetite for power. When his early ventures brought him wealth, "profits and circulation," it has been well said, "now became the barometer of power rather than the means to further wealth." And he sought power, not that thereby he might get certain things done, but that everybody might recognize him as a man who could get things done if he wanted. The controlling desire was not any selfless enthusiasm but the gratification of personal vanity. In Stead's sanctum you saw around the walls the portraits of men and women who had toiled, often with no reward but persecution and opprobrium, in the service of humanity. In Northcliffe's, the most prominent object on the desk was a bust of Napoleon.

In his latest years this Napoleonic ideal took the form of an aspiration to be regarded as a sort of tutelary genius of the British Empire. When, in May of last year, the officiating clergyman at the *Daily Mail's* semi-jubilee celebration prayed that Lord Northcliffe might continue to "guide aright the destinies of this great empire," the petition must have been fully in harmony with Lord Northcliffe's own notion of the responsibilities laid on him by Providence. It was a sore disappointment to him that, after the war, he was not called upon to be the Savior of his Country, and, though it was alleviated by American and colonial adulation on his world tour, it is reported to have cast a cloud over his last days.

One might almost describe Lord Northcliffe as the Lloyd George of British journalism. There was the same restless ambition, the same desire for incessant excitement, the same consummate skill in exploiting popular moods, the same incapacity for thought and study, the same eagerness for sensational stunts, the same inability to take the long view, the same adroitness in extemporizing a showy policy to meet the demand of the moment. No wonder that the emergencies of the war brought these two men so closely together. And no wonder that they so soon fell apart. They were too much alike for their alliance to last very long. The task of "guiding aright the destinies of this great empire" can not be successfully discharged by such a duumvirate.

The time has not yet come for estimating how far Lord Northcliffe influenced the character of his age and how far he was a mere creation and expression of it. There are some contemporary judgments upon him, however, that the historian's retrospect is sure to confirm. It will stand always to his credit that his journalism, with infinite variety of expedients to attract readers of little culture, never sought circulation by appeals to pruriency, and that, though he was often engaged in transactions involving immense sums of money, there was nothing shady in any of his financial operations. Did his career, on the whole, do a service or a disservice to English journalism? That question is not easy to answer. It is claimed for him that he greatly enlarged its influence, and that, in particular, he raised the standard of pay for working journalists throughout the British press. On the other hand, he made it harder for independent journalists to gain a livelihood. Perhaps the truest, as the most concise, verdict was that expressed by one of his principal colleagues, who once remarked to Lord Morley: "You left journalism a profession. We have made it a branch of commerce." As to the larger question whether, in the realm of public affairs, he was a force making for righteousness, there can be little doubt. One test alone will suffice to decide the quality of his fulfilment of the task of guiding the public conscience. In his plea at the Copenhagen Conference a few days ago for a "disarmament of the mind," Dr. Jowett declared that the greatest enemies of peace were lurking fears and suspicions, and these were bred and nourished in our daily press. The peril to peace he said was the morbid patriotism bred by the press. In our own time, in England, no journalist has done more to foster this "morbid patriotism" than Alfred Harmsworth, Viscount Northcliffe.

Out in the Big World

XII A Sermon Sent Broadcast

John van Schaick, Jr.

DR. HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK is the preacher at the First Presbyterian Church in New York and a professor at the Union Theological Seminary. He is the author of a popular series of religious books issued by the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, among which are "The Meaning of Faith," "The Meaning of Prayer," "The Meaning of Service" and "The Manhood of the Master." During the past summer, he has been assisting at the Students Conferences of the Y. W. C. A. at Silver Bay on Lake George. Those interested especially in the economic question will remember that he preached a sermon in defense of the Y. W. C. A. in its fight with the Pittsburg steel men and made the memorable utterance that the answer of the Christian Church to those who threaten to cancel subscriptions if the Church does not call off its attack on social injustice is: "Before High God, not for sale."

In May, Dr. Fosdick preached a sermon at his own church on "The New Knowledge and the Christian Faith." It was an answer to the Fundamentalists. It described the kind of people in the Church whom the Fundamentalists were attacking and asked whether the Church would be better or worse if they were driven out.

Dr. Fosdick describes the "New Knowledge" as follows:

"The Fundamentalists see truly that in this last generation there have been strange new movements in Christian thought. A great mass of new knowledge has come into man's possession: new knowledge about the physical universe, its origin, its forces, its laws; new knowledge about human history and in particular about the ways in which the ancient peoples used to think in matters of religion and the methods by which they phrased and explained their spiritual experiences; and new knowledge, also, about other religions and the strangely similar ways in which men's faiths and religious practises have developed everywhere. Now there are multitudes of reverent Christians who have been unable to keep this new knowledge in one compartment of their minds and the Christian faith in another. They have been sure that all truth comes from the one God and is His revelation. Not, therefore, from irreverence or caprice or destructive zeal, but for the sake of intellectual and spiritual integrity, that they might really love the Lord their God not only with all their heart and soul and strength, but with all their mind, they have been trying to see this new knowledge in terms of the Christian faith and to see the Christian faith in terms of this new knowledge."

Again and again in history, Dr. Fosdick points out, this same thing has happened. Once the universe was centered around the earth, which was stationary.

Now it is centered around the sun, and the earth and all the planets whirl around the sun. We have adjusted faith to this knowledge as we must adjust it to any new knowledge.

Dr. Fosdick then takes up the attempts of the Fundamentalists to draw "a deadline of doctrine around the Church, across which no one is to pass except on terms of agreement."

"They insist that we must all believe in the historicity of certain special miracles, pre-eminently the virgin birth of our Lord; that we must believe in a special theory of inspiration—that the original documents of the Scripture, which of course we no longer possess, were dictated to men a good deal as a man might dictate to a stenographer; that we must believe in a special theory of the atonement—that the blood of our Lord, shed in a substitutionary death, placates an alienated Deity and makes possible welcome for the returning sinner; and that we must believe in the second coming of our Lord upon the clouds of heaven to set up a millennium here, as the only way in which God can bring history to a worthy denouement."

It is not against men holding these opinions that Dr. Fosdick makes his protest, although he says that a man may well protest against their being considered the fundamentals of Christianity. But the big question is whether "anybody has a right to deny the Christian name to those who differ with him on such points and to shut against them the doors of the Christian fellowship." The Fundamentalists would do that in both the home field and in the foreign field. Dr. Fosdick shows that such a stupid movement would drive out of the Church some of its noblest souls, some of the most unselfish workers for the principles of Christ, and a great multitude of young men and women all the time coming out of our colleges and universities.

On "the virgin birth of Christ," "the literal inspiration of the Bible," and "the second coming of our Lord," the sermon goes into details, showing what the Fundamentalists believe and what the Liberals believe.

Is the Christian Church, for example, large enough to hold people who with all their hearts love Christ, believe in his gospel, want to enthrone him in the hearts of men, but who do not accept the virgin birth, who know how many great characters, like Pythagoras, Plato, or Augustus Caesar, were said to have been born of virgins, and how the adoration of early disciples was phrased "in terms of a biological miracle" which modern minds can not accept? Dr. Fosdick says that we do not give up anything vital when we give up the virgin birth, that Paul and John, "the two men who contributed most to the Church's thought of the divine meaning of the Christ, never refer to it," and that it is monstrous to think of driving out of the Church, where all are needed for the real fights ahead, the devout souls who eliminate miracles and believe that revelation is progressive.

The spirit of liberty, of tolerance, of insistance on big things as big and little things as little, is the objective of this sermon, and well is it attained.

"If, during the war," says Dr. Fosdick, "when the nations were wrestling upon the very brink of hell, and at times all seemed lost, you chanced to hear two

nen in an altercation about some minor matter of ectarian denominationalism, could you restrain your ndignation? You said, 'What can you do with folks ike this, who, in the face of colossal issues, play with he tiddledywinks and peccadilloes of religion?' So vhen a man is called away now from the terrific ques- ions of this generation by the noise of the Funda- nentalist controversy, he thinks it almost unforgiv- able that men should tithe the mint and anise and cummin nd quarrel over them when the world is perishing for ack of the weightier matters of the law, justice, and nercy, and faith."

As interesting as the sermon is the fact that it is sent out by Ivy L. Lee of New York, the greatest publicity man in the country, the head of all the Red Cross publicity during the war, Henry P. Davison's intimate friend and adviser, and now the publicity man for many of the most powerful corporations in New York.

He is not sending the sermon out as a sedative to keep laboring men quiet. He knows better than that. In the circular enclosed with the sermon he says: "That there are forces at work within our civilization which threaten its destruction is suggested by the conflicts between labor and capital and the wars and dispute between nations. The only safety of the world must be in the establishment of the Christian religion in the lives of men. The Church must be depended upon to accomplish this purpose!"

With Ivy L. Lee this does not mean one class getting its foot upon the neck of the other class. It means a better understanding, absolute justice, and all going on together with helpfulness and good will.

There is nothing new either in Dr. Fosdick's sermon or in Major Lee's circular, but they go to a new congregation and a big one. Both have rendered an important service. They cheer us by powerfully advocating what we believe emphatically. They rebuke us for ever wanting to take the easy way.

* * *

THE PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of the Approach to Perfection

ONCE upon a time there was a man who said within himself, Go to, I will buy an Automobile. And he bought one which cost him three sixty five f. o. b. Detroit. And it got him where he desired to go, and it got him back, and he got his money's worth out of it. But his friends joshed him, and inquired how he was getting on in his courtship of Lizzie, and the time came when he thought that he could afford something better than a Ford. And he spent more money and got another car, though whether he got a better one I know not.

For I hold this to the credit of Henry, that he took what was in danger of being a rich's man's toy, and made it so that the Automobile is not the badge of a Class Distinction in America. And for that he deserveth a Star in his Crown, and whatever there is for him in this Free Advertisement.

Then after a space of two years did this man weary of his more expensive Car, and he said, I have run that thing two years, and the Ford three, and it is time I had a real Car. And he inquired the price of the very latest model of the Most Expensive Car. And he bought it from his Local Dealer at a good round price f. o. b. Detroit. And he said, I will run up to Detroit, and save Freight on the thing. For thus do men offset a large extravagance with a Small Economy. So he went thither, and he got his New Shiny Car. And he was introduced to the President of the Company.

And as he got in, and took hold of the wheel, and set his foot ready to step on the Gas, he said unto the President, I suppose thou now dost feel that this Latest New Model of the Best Car in the World hath reached Perfection in the manufacture of Automobiles?

And the President of the Company answered and said unto him:

Thinkest thou that the Bulky, Clumsy, Noisy, Expensive Junk we now are selling to thee is Perfection? Forget it. When we learn how to make a car that combineth all the good points of all the cars now made, in a machine that shall weigh Less than a Thousand Pounds, and sell for Less than a Thousand dollars, and run an Hundred and Fifty miles on a Gallon of Gasoline, then we shall be entering upon the beginnings of discovery as to the Manufacture of Automobiles. Think not that we are near Perfection. Thine Automobile is as good a car as is made; but it will soon be as Obsolete as an High-Wheel Bicycle.

Now I considered this matter, and I said unto myself, There are folks who claim Perfection, and think they have attained it; but the folk I know who seem to me to be nearest unto perfection cry out in their humility, God be merciful to me a sinner. And I think Perfection both in Automobiles and in Character is to be attained by those who know that they lack it.

And the next best thing to Perfection is Progress.

* * *

PLANS OF BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS

THE Board of Foreign Missions is launching a campaign of missionary education. In spite of most commendable progress in the support of our Mission in Japan, shown by the increase of ninety-one per cent in gifts to the Mission during the past year, the Board believes that our greatest need is a wider interest and a better-informed constituency. This can be secured by education, and only by education persistent and continued. A sermon once a year, often on a stormy Sunday or when many of the congregation are absent because a missionary sermon has been announced, is not missionary education. We have been told a great many times that a church has got to be missionary or dead. We may add that a church must be educated from the standpoint of missions or cease to be a Christian church, at all.

The plan of the Board of asking the states to make assessments on a quota plan for the raising of our money for Japan has been accepted by many states and welcomed by the parishes. So far, so good. Now the Board asks that all our ministers and parishes accept the plans for missionary education. In the Sunday school, the Young People's Christian Union, and the Mission Circle, missionary education has already secured a good footing. The need now is that it be recognized as an essential part of all our church work, and as the business of every one connected with our church.

Definite plans for the coming year are these:

1. A Mission Study Class of adults using "Far Eastern Problems." A prospectus will be sent to all ministers and to others who apply to the Board for it.

2. An Honor Plan for Missionary Education. A leaflet will be issued describing this plan, under which parishes may compete for honors and receive a suitable recognition for attainments. Honors will be awarded for payment of the parish quota, for mission study in the different forms and in the affiliated organizations, for reading of missionary books, and for attending missionary conferences. Ask the Board for the leaflet describing the plan.

3. Our ministers have all been asked to make frequent brief mention of the Mission from the pulpit. This may be a news item, a prayer for our missionaries, or reports on what is being done by the denomination, by the parish, or by other workers in Japan.

4. The publishing of several new leaflets which will be ready about Oct. 1, and of a small map of Japan for use in study groups.

Other plans will occur to those who have the subject in mind, and the Board will be glad to receive suggestions and to pass them on for others to use. Especially, the Board wishes to be informed of everything that is being done along these lines.

We quote a few sentences about missionary education from the program of a sister denomination:

> "Missionary education has been described as 'the Christianizing of all our social contacts.' Both in its spirit and in its program the mission is an influence that makes for social fellowship. It demands social co-operation. No one denomination, no single church, no individual alone can accomplish the task. It calls for the joint efforts of many working together for the good of all. Thus the joy of service is heightened by that of fellowship and the individual is led out into the brotherhood of man.
>
> "If the mission is to make its best contribution to the spiritual life of the individual and the church, its promotion must rest upon a sound educational basis. It has sometimes been promoted too exclusively from the standpoint of the work to be done or the organization to be supported without sufficient consideration of the missionary knowledge, interest, and development of character on the part of those to whom the appeal is made.
>
> "The mission is rich in materials for a program of education. It affords wide knowledge of human life and conditions near at home and throughout the world. It stimulates a friendly interest in all people and helps each one to find his own best self in right relations with other."

* * *

WHY MINISTERS QUIT

A Comeback

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

Your editorial of August 5, under the caption, "A Case of Cheer Up," affected me queerly: it caused me to wish that you and the discouraged brother were not less, but more, disconsolate over the situation. And I have been disappointed, in searching succeeding issues of the *Leader*, to find that no comment has been evoked by your statement of the case.

You can understand, apparently, the action of men in leaving the ministry of other denominations, but not that of the Universalist Church. But to understand that is just the thing to which we should earnestly commit ourselves. If the Church is perfect and infallible, and wholly under divine guidance, then the knowledge that men are leaving should cause us no worry: there will always be a sufficient number of ministers left to take care of the activities of such a Church. No matter what they think their reasons for going to be, open the door that the brethren may depart in peace.

Any commission on the increase of the ministry is a commission of tom-foolishness; the commission should be on the state of the Church. There is not now, never was, and never will be a scarcity of ministers. Show me a parish where a minister can have a necessary living while ministering to it, and I will find you from ten to twenty good men, and some women, willing to take over the work. There is not a scarcity of ministers: the only scarcity is of ministers who can live without eating. The Universalist Church could nicely use some men and women of the self-supporting missionary type.

I do not at all agree with the sentiment that any one should be willing to starve for the glory of God. The people who must starve (or freeze) in this scientific age of the world, are not martyrs to any cause of God, but victims of human stupidity. And I have always noticed that the people who suggest such a contingency are themselves living quite comfortably, thank you. Moreover, a starving minister is of no use to any community. The folk who starve him despise his enforced dilapidation. To starve in body is to starve also in mind and heart. That conduces to pessimism; and a pessimistic minister starves the souls of his people. Churches (and governments) will yet come to see that starvation is a boomerang. There is a more excellent way.

A true diagnosis of the condition of which we complain in the Universalist Church will carry us into the realm of the spiritual. I fear that it will be considered the height of effrontery for me to criticise the present day spirit of the Universalist Church, nevertheless the time is over-due when these things should be said by somebody.

I don't know how it has come about, but the Universalist Church is no longer universalist. In its desire for respectability, or something, it is trying to be what it by nature is not, and so has become partial in its own mind. So far from being universalist it is quite narrowly sectarian. It is strongly inclined to be unsocial. It wants to live a life separate from the ungodly other Churches. It has become tremendously Orthodox. And God knows that there was no need of another Orthodox Church!

Wise conservatism is needed in the world, but Orthodoxy never did, and never will, lead the human race onward to anything more than it has already known. John Murray, Hosea Ballou, and all the early fathers, were heretics. With them Universalism (even as they understood it) was a living, conquering faith. In our hands and minds it has become an Orthodox "faith." It is now a "canned religion." No one need fear the shock of heretical utterance at any of our church conventions. You may fall asleep, and when you wake up ask: "Which of the Five Points is

t now?" The great speech is the one that is more n ordinarily loyal to "Universalism." I often won- if the Universalist Church ever will spell univer- sm with a small u.

Universalist Orthodoxy has its congealed expres- in an antiquated literature, hymnology and gen- phraseology. And a benevolent faith, that uld never have been static, has become unkindly matic. The Church seems to be semiconscious of own original discovery; but fails to grasp the larger fuller significance of the principle of universalism he light of increased knowledge and the world's at needs. Universalism, under Universalist guar- nship, has become a sacred creed to be defended, ead of a living principle proving itself in action.

this age of narrow sympathies, and selfishness, en partialism is ruling men and nations (including United States)—in this age when mankind are dly trying to grope their way to better things, the *niversalist Leader* should throw capital U's out of its e, stop spending its energy blowing a sectarian n, and, with mind and heart, teach the *universal olication* of the spiritual laws of the universe, the s of truth, mercy, love, justice, righteousness.

The Universalist Omnibus has a good engine. d there has always been denominational wind ough available to keep the tires well inflated. But good craft, somehow or other, has been steered o a deep rut; and the road to glory is always a little cky. The driver keeps the wheels turning in the , but the car moves not; the rut grows deeper. The ig" men, sitting on the front seats, loudly tell one other that no other mundane vehicle ever traveled, can travel, half so fast or well. The "little fellows" stow themselves where they can, some being re- ired to hang on to the running-board. Most of ese take up the words of the big men concerning the eed of the bus; others, however, look at one another, d wink.

Perhaps somebody will have to get out, in order push!

Fraternally yours,
J. H. Peardon.

* * *

UNIVERSALISM FOR SCOTLAND

The Rev. Henry Williamson

It would involve the expenditure of much money and effort establish a religious society of the Universalist type in Scot- nd. Perhaps $2,000 a year for fifty years might make some pearance.

The Rev. Caroline Augusta Soule succeeded in holding gular services, and at last erected a church building in Glasgow. egret that her efforts were not adequately supported. The vast antity of her letters addressed to me are eloquent in showing r patience and unfailing zeal. There were complications, even "false brethren," which are to be taken into account. She as a pioneer of woman as a minister. She married people and ptized infants; a woman in Dundee, herself a mother, boasts that rs. Soule baptized her.

Mrs. Soule tried to arouse interest in her work in America by viting contributions of Universalist literature. Barrels of "The mbassador"—I think that was the name—came and every attend- t at the services was asked to take something. But I am not re this will be quite up-to-date for modern Universalists in nerica.

Scotland offers advantages which may even benefit the nited States. I know two former residents of Dundee who are attending Universalist churches in Massachusetts. Many Scots emigrate and in the United States they could do what family and other drawbacks would prevent them from attempting here.

An American lady wrote me that she attended a meeting of 8,000 persons to celebrate the birthday of Robert Burns in Boston. Mentioning my name to one of the brothers, she was told that he had known me in his childhood.

Now here is a possible effort open to all, which will mean something attempted:

About a year ago I suggested to the *Christian Register* subscribers, through a letter to the editor, that I would give names and addresses of Scottish families to whom people might send their copies of the paper. As I expected, about a hundred papers have crossed the Atlantic, many of them delivered into Scottish homes. Now, I am just as much at home with the Universalists as with the Unitarians, and I think it would not be over-doing a good thing if both sides of the Liberal position should enter the same household. Converts to Unitarianism and Universalism are not made from the wealthy or the members of select society. There are many working people outside of caste restrictions, such as Mrs. Soule secured, who can please themselves.

This seems to me a possible course for Universalists to follow. After the paper has served an American household it will enter a Scottish home as a sign of Christian brotherhood. One can not tell what results might follow. Of course it is a surprise to the Scots that Americans should be willing to gratuitously fold and direct to unknown persons gifts valued by the senders.

The postage is one cent for every two ounces of printed matter with no writing except the name and address of the sender. Letter postage is two cents. No doubt I am an unknown person, though I am still a member of the Universalist church of Norwich, Conn. If these remarks are approved I shall welcome applications for names for new readers of the *Leader*.

13 *Cowper St., Dundee, Scotland.*

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SOUTH CAROLINA CONVENTION

The Rev. R. S. Kellerman

The South Carolina Convention, which held its recent sessions at Newberry, had four great things in its favor. First, it had some good preaching. Dr. Bishop, Southern Superintendent, came up from the South, and Dr. John Cook from Illinois was also there.

Second, it resolved to begin search at once for a resident pastor. There are four churches in the state, not far from each other, which have been pastorless since the resignation of Rev. W. O. Bodell, who went to Indiana last March. The Convention voted to sell the parsonage at Mountville and secure a new one at Newberry, which is a much more central location. If the pastor has a Ford, he can, provided roads are passable, reach each church easily. To be sure, it rained for two weeks preceding my trip to the Convention, and in order to get there, it was necessary for me to be ferried over Broad River and to have my car hauled out of the mud twice by mules, but, all this aside, South Carolina has the public-road fever, and possesses already many good roads.

Third, the Convention saw two Young People's Christian Unions organized—one at Feasterville, with Miss Edith Coleman of Shelton, S. C., as president, and another at Newberry, with Miss Edna Halfacre as president. A Junior Union, under the direction of Miss Lottie Halfacre, is also to be started at Newberry. This church has a flourishing Sunday school, it might be said, of which Mr. Sidney Halfacre is superintendent.

Fourth, the Convention restrengthened our forces. Basket dinners, abundant and most excellent, visiting, conferring, cheering, meeting and enjoying the members of the different churches, did much to increase the spirit of fellowship.

Mr. Halfacre, the out-going president, presided in a most commendable manner. Mr. J. M. Simmons of Mountville was elected president for the coming year, and Mrs. J. S. Winebrenner was re-elected secretary. The 1923 Convention will be held at Mountville.

Home and Children

FRIENDLY POETRY

The poems to be printed in this department must meet the human test. They must have sympathy, understanding and, above all, faith.

AT THE DAY'S BEGINNING

Not for the eyes of men
May this day's work be done,
But unto Thee, O God,
That, with the setting sun,
My heart may know the matchless prize
Of sure approval in Thine eyes.

Thomas Curtis Clark.

MARY ELLEN'S UMBRELLA

ONE morning Mary Ellen was so very busy watching the rain trickle down the schoolroom window that she did not know her memory lesson, and she made four big mistakes in her arithmetic. The reason was that Mary Ellen had an umbrella. She was so glad it was raining *real hard* and *so* anxious to hurry homeward, safely housed beneath it, that she had no mind left for her lessons. To be sure, one of the umbrella's sides drooped miserably. And its handle was broken. But it was an umbrella. And it was Mary Ellen's very own.

When school was over Mary Ellen held it proudly over Bessie May, the little lame girl, till one of Bessie's curls caught on a button of her coat. Mary Ellen was helping undo the tangle when suddenly a gust of wind swept around a corner and, snatching the umbrella, carried it, rolling and tumbling, over and over, down the muddy street.

"Oh, my umbrella! My darling umbrella!" Mary Ellen cried.

Then she darted after it, catching it just as it was starting to roll down the steep bank to the railroad. Alas! another one of its ribs was broken. It now seemed unfit for even Mary Ellen to carry. She could not keep back the tears. She had loved that umbrella so much. And now it was little more than a wreck.

That afternoon Mary Ellen's mother was late in coming home from the Ladies' Aid Society. But Mary Ellen was not alone; for when she got back from school an old woman was sitting on the porch waiting for the rain to cease.

"I've been very ill and dare not get wet," she explained to Mary Ellen, who politely invited her into the little sitting room and pretended not to notice the threadbare coat and frayed dress. At last the woman decided that she must wait no longer.

"If I only had an umbrella," she said, "I might at least keep my shoulders dry, and maybe could keep from being sick again."

"Is mine too dreadfully broken?" asked Mary Ellen. And tears streamed over her cheeks as she tenderly opened it.

The woman took it gladly. "It's just the thi dearie. I don't mind it's being broken. I'll ret it in good shape," she promised. And she lim down the street and out of sight.

For days there was a sad weight at Mary Elle heart.

Then, one morning, a little French boy came the door, bowed to her in the courtliest kind of m ner, and thrust into her hands her umbrella and a n that had been sent with it.

Mary Ellen seized the umbrella and hugge before she noticed that it was not the old, tied-toget handle, but a new, whole one. She opened it c tiously. But the side did not droop any more. shook it lightly, then harder, But each triangle mained stretched to its fullest size.

"Mother! Just look! Mother!" she exclaim

Mother finished reading the note, then looked "It was the umbrella mender's mother to whom loaned your umbrella, dear," she explained. ' says that mending an umbrella was a very small th compared with the kindness you showed a poor woman."

Mary Ellen gasped. "Why, lots of people wo n't have carried it at all," she stammered.

"It wasn't the umbrella, dear, that she appreci mostly," said mother. "It was the kindness showed in offering a stranger your poor, cripp treasure. I have no doubt that even she was a li ashamed of the umbrella. But the kindness wa very different thing. And, dear, this umbrella men is the Frenchman who has the umbrella hospital, t unusual house you have been admiring so mu And they have invited you to go visit the little gi some day soon. I know you will enjoy that. It seems the old lady saw how you loved your umbre And she wants you to see a collection of old-fashio ones she has."

"Please, mother, may I go soon?" Mary E held her breath in happy anticipation.

"Indeed, you may, dear," answered mother. I have been hearing a great deal about the lovely m ners of those French children. The ladies this af noon were all speaking about the family. It se you have been granted the privilege many of them w very much. *You* are invited, dear."

Mary Ellen was very thoughtful for a few m utes as she fondled her precious umbrella. "I reck mother, nobody can tell by looking at a thing whet there's a kindness in it or not. But it paid my u brella to carry one that time. And it may do it ag And I know I'm going to have a very happy visi that lovely umbrella hospital," she said, her e sparkling.—*Eugenie du Maurier, in Christian Wor*

* * *

MODERN DISCIPLINE

In a certain public school very advanced ideas are put to practise. No pupil is ever punished in any way, for the individuality of every child is considered too sacred for repressio

One day, soon after her enrolment at this school, little G arrived home, her face streaked with tears and her mouth ered with blood.

"My precious! What happened?" cried her mother.

The little girl was soon pouring out her story in her mother's . Sammy Gates, it appeared, had struck her and knocked two teeth.

When Grace had been kissed, comforted, and washed, her r wanted to know how the teacher had dealt with Sammy.

"She didn't *do* anything," said Grace.

"Well, what did she say?"

"She called Sammy up to the desk and said, 'Sammy, don't know that was very anti-social?' "—*Harper's Magazine.*

* * *

THE STORY OF MARMADUKE MEEK

is the story of Marmaduke Meek
his new boots (size 3) which were purchased last week.
y are elegant boots of which I now speak,
fit him like gloves snug and slender and sleek;
suited for weather both rainy and bleak,
they keep out the cold and they know not a leak.
y are polished so well not a speck nor a streak
you find on those boots howe'er long you may seek.
ir appearance is pleasing, refined and unique:
do they bring pleasure to Marmaduke Meek?
they fill him with rage and they fill him with pique,
y bring the red blush to his downy young cheek:
feels like a noodle, he feels like a freak,
nerves are on edge and his backbone is weak;
ene'er he goes out, round quiet corners he'll sneak,
those boots have a loud, inharmonious squeak—
l rude boys in the street will persistently shriek,
you'll pay for your boots, then perhaps they won't creak."
't you fancy the feelings of Marmaduke Meek?

Little Folks.

* * *

HIDDEN TREASURES—A CONTEST

The other day Peggy and Bill trooped in rather forlornly: e're all out of ideas," they sighed, "somehow we just plain 't know what to do with ourselves this summer!"

"Nonsense!" smiled I, "what's the matter with your play-Treasure Island as you used to do, hunting hidden treasure?"

"You forget," they said, with tremendous dignity, "that re a whole year older than we used to be, and Bill is getting dreadfully particular—he wants a *real* search and a *real* find tead of just make-believe affairs! So *now* what will you gest?"

"Here's the very thing for such as you!" said I. "Arm yourves with a Bible apiece, a pad of paper and pencils, then take s list and go out under the apple tree to hunt up my hidden asures."

Now the beautiful part of it is that I suspect *you* are often in very same state as Peggy and Bill, wondering what to do with urselves. So digging for hidden treasures will prove a splendid nmer contest for you too. Take this list, and hunt up the ces in the Bible where they occur.

The truth of the matter is there is no treasure-trove like Bible, although perhaps you never knew before that any mber of authors in naming their new books have chosen Bible rases for titles. If you were writing a book yourself you would nt the title to be the most striking and suggestive one to be nd anywhere. You will see from this long list the authors o felt that the Bible offered the best titles possible:

1. Winston Churchill, "The Inside of the Cup."
2. Winston Churchill, "A Far Country."
3. Louis Tracy, "The Wings of the Morning."
4. Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick, "The Salt of the Earth."
5. Lucas Malet, "The Wages of Sin."
6. Mary Wilkins, "The Alabaster Box."
7. Augusta J. Evans, "A Speckled Bird."
8. Ethel M. Dell, "The Way of An Eagle."
9. Ethel M. Dell, "Bars of Iron."
10. Gilbert Parker, "The Seats of the Mighty."
11. Robert W. Chambers, "The Streets of Ascalon."
12. Basil King, "The Street Called Straight."
13. Mary Cholmondeley, "Moth and Rust."
14. Mary Cholmondeley, "Red Pottage."
15. Arnold Bennett, "These Twain."
16. Arnold Bennett, "Whom God Hath Joined."
17. Arnold Bennett, "The Old Adam."
18. W. J. Locke, "Where Love Is."
19. Leroy Scott, "To Him That Hath."
20. G. C. Lorimer, "A Wife Out of Egypt."
21. F. L. Packard, "Greater Love Hath No Man."
22. Clara Louise Burnham, "Instead of the Thorn."
23. Edith Wharton, "The Valley of Decision."
24. Edith Wharton, "The House of Mirth."
25. Hall Caine, "The Woman Thou Gavest Me."
26. Thomas Dixon, "The Leopard's Spots."
27. Thomas Dixon, "The Root of Evil."
28. Thomas Dixon, "The Foolish Virgin."
29. Vaughan Kester, "The Just and the Unjust."
30. William Allen White, "A Certain Rich Man."
31. Mary Johnston, "Hagar."
32. Rupert Hughes, "The Cup of Fury."
33. Rupert Hughes, "The Unpardonable Sin."
34. George Barr McCutcheon, "In the Hollow of Her Hand."
35. F. Wilkinson, "The Strength of the Hills."
36. W. R. Lighton, "The Shadow of a Great Rock."
37. H. Croly, "Tarry Thou Till I Come."
38. R. W. Kauffman, "The House of Bondage."
39. R. W. Kauffman, "The Mark of the Beast."
40. R. Dehan, "Between Two Thieves."
41. Marion Crawford, "Whosoever Shall Offend."
42. Charles Rann Kennedy, "The Servant in the House."
43. C. A. Benson, "Where No Fear Was."
44. Myrtle Reed, "The Master of the Vineyard."
45. G. Dane, "First the Blade."
46. Juliet Wilbor Tompkins, "The Seed of the Righteous."
47. J. Rowland, "The Good Shepherd."
48. A. S. M. Hutchinson, "The Clean Heart."
48. Margaret Deland, "The Hands of Esau."
50. Margaret Deland, "Where the Laborers Are Few."
51. Robert Grant, "Unleavened Bread."
52. Grace L. Lutz, "A Voice in the Wilderness."
53. Isabel Ostrander, "The Heritage of Cain."
54. Florence Barclay, "Following the Star."
55. Amelia Barr, "From My Youth Up."
56. Mary Antin. "The Promised Land."
57. Ibanez, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."
58. J. E. Talmadge, "The House of the Lord."
59. H. A. Cody, "If Any Man Sin."
60. G. H. Smith, "The Crown of Life."
61. E. Miller, "The Yoke."

The Baptist.

* * *

ON BEING YOURSELF

Many a girl's popularity has fallen off because of her foolish imitation of other girls and her insane following of the fashion, thus losing the rare and delicate personality which others had come to recognize and admire.

Many a business man has ruined his commercial chances by transforming his little store, with its unique excellences, into a cheap copy of some big emporium.

Many an editor has spoiled his periodical and alienated his subscribers by dropping the time-tried features for which the periodical had come to stand, putting in their place feeble reflections of the popular features of other pericdicals.

Be yourself. Whatever your field of life and activity, do your own work in your own way. Sam Walter Foss once wrote a wise poem in which he insisted that Smith is a success when he Smiths, but a failure when he Browns or Robinsons. The poorest kind of cat is a copycat.—*Christian Endeavor World.*

Some Worth-while Books

Any Book Published For Sale by the Universalist Publishing House

Adrienne Toner. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. $2.00.

Adrienne Toner is an American girl of unusual type and bringing-up, absolutely self-centered and perfectly confident of her ability to arrange everybody's lives and affairs. Plainly she is destined to "come a cropper."

Heralded by Barney as "a mixture of saint and fairy princess," she descends upon the Chadwicks for a visit, and does not go away until she has upset that loving family circle, which includes Aunt Monica and Nancy Averil and Roger Oldmeadow, to whom Coldbrooks is a second home, and lost her own happiness. To most of the others happiness returns, but Adrienne goes her lonely way.

The Other Miller Girl. By Joslyn Gray. Illustrated. $1.60.

Anna Miller has the courage of her convictions. She rushes in where for twenty-three years no one has dared to tread, coaxes Mrs. Langley, the minister's wife, out of her invalidism which began when little Ella May died, induces her to adopt a motherless baby, and brings happiness to a clouded home.

Also she is the means of brightening the lives of Mrs. Lorraine and Alice, who are in eclipse because of trouble, and through them of removing unjust suspicion from a man who has been away from the town.

All of which shows what a determined and loyal friend, "one of the few who habitually demand less than they are willing to proffer," can accomplish.

Ted and the Telephone. By Sara Ware Bassett. Illustrated. $1.65.

A Green Mountain boy is Theodore Turner, but the farm does not pay, and so the Turners are in a "stuffy flat" in Freeman's Falls, where the father is shipping clerk in one of the Fernald mills. Ted's absorbing interest is electricity, and though he is fitting himself for business, he takes science work at high school as an extra.

During the summer vacation he works on the Fernald estate, and the Fernalds take such a fancy to this bright useful boy that his fortune is made. He saves Laurie, the crippled grandson, from drowning, and otherwise distinguishes himself; and when the two boys have graduated from college they come back to put into the management of the industry . . . the "spirit of brotherhood . . . and the desire for service."

Working with the Working Woman. By Cornelia Stratton Parker. $2.00.

"Connie" Parker disguised herself with large green earrings, a large bar pin of platinum and brilliants ($1.79), a goldy box of powder, a lip-stick, a faded green tam-o'-shanter, a blue serge dress from the ragbag, old spats, darned stockings, and chewing-gum, put her correct English in storage, and worked in a chocolate factory, a brass-foundry, a laundry, a dress-making establishment, a bleachery, and a hotel. And neither her employers nor her fellow-workers suspected that she was an investigator—never say that a woman can not keep a secret.

Her experiences were amusing and otherwise, and are here dramatically presented, with her observations and conclusions. "What industry needs more than anything else are translators of human beings to one another. . . . The place to make the beginning is in each business and industry."

Captain Blood. By Rafael Sabatini. $2.00.

"Peter Blood, bachelor of medicine and several other things besides, smoked a pipe and tended the geraniums boxed on the sill of his window above Water Lane in the town of Bridgewater," watched by sternly disapproving eyes. "It's out of favor I am with the vinegary virgins over the way," says he.

A Papist, he does not take arms with other "war-fevered enthusiasts" for the Pretender, and sleeps through the battle of Sedgemoor, only to be roused by the virgins' nephew to attend Lord Gildoy, sorely wounded. He is arrested, tried before "that wistful-eyed jack-pudding in scarlet," Lord Jeffreys, and sentenced to Barbados, where he becomes the property of Colonel Bishop "for the ignominious sum of ten pounds."

A Spanish raid—and Peter leaps to his opportunity, seizes the ships, and embarks upon a career of adventure on the high seas which leads to his heart's desire and gives him a more imposing title than captain.

The Breaking Point. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. $2.00.

Richard Livingstone, foster-son of Dr. David Livingstone and about to succeed to his practise, has hanging over him a mystery which had to do with his earlier years. Just as he has become engaged to Elizabeth Wheeler the blow falls, and he learns what "Uncle David" and "Aunt Lucy" have carefully kept from him.

He goes West to investigate for himself, and gives up all hope of happiness. But it is proved that he did not commit the crime of which he was accused, and the sky of his future is again rosy.

The Iron Puddler. By James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor. $2.00.

The autobiography of a member of the President's Cabinet, written during his term of office—even the most hardened reviewer pricks up his attention!

Secretary Davis came to America a Welsh child of six. His father worked in the iron mills while the mother sang at her homekeeping; and the boy Jim followed his father. At sixteen he became a master-puddler; at forty-six he was the head of an order owning a town, a farm, and a school with a thousand students; and now he is one of the President's advisers—a fascinating story told with the "punch" that comes of extemporaneous speaking.

"A steel world is hopeless if men are pig-iron. . . . Our task is to puddle out the impurities so that the true iron can be strong enough to hold our civilization up forever."

The author's profits are to be devoted to child welfare at Mooseheart—"the school that trains for life."

E. H. Harriman: A Biography. By George Kennan. Illustrated. 2 volumes. $7.50.

Here we have a biography which is far from being merely the life-story of one man—it is a part of the country's history. When this "Colossus of Roads" reconstructed and extended the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific systems, vast lands previously inaccessible were opened. Billions of dollars added to the national wealth, the cost of living was lowered, and millions of people found prosperity and happiness.

"No man ever set his hand to a more important task in the field of social betterment" than did Mr. Harriman when in 1876 he founded the Boys' Club of New York, which has moulded 250,000 boys of the East Side into useful citizens and successful men. To read of it is an inspiration.

These and many other achievements are told, and also, for the first time, the story of how President Roosevelt was misled by false statements into denouncing Mr. Harriman.

Lucretia Lombard. By Kathleen Norris. Illustrated. $1.75.

The curtain rises in Sanbridge, "a prosperous little city placed somewhere between Boston and New York, and drawing its intellectual ideals from the one as surely as it drew its fashions and amusements from the other."

Here live Judge Samuel Curran and his wife, who is known as Aunt Bessy to all the girls of the place; their ward, Mary Yolande Warren, called Mimi; and the Winship nephews, Stephen and Fred. And to the old rectory of the now-closed church in Kingsgreen Square come Sir Allen Lombard, an invalid in the sixties, and his young wife Lucretia.

Sir Allen dies, and Stephen and Lucretia learn to love each other—but Stephen is engaged to Mimi. Thereby hangs the story, in which a prophecy comes true.

Young People's Christian Union

THE DIRECTOR'S DATES

Sept. 11-16. Mid-West S. S. and Y. P. U. Institute, St. Paul's Church, Chica-

Oct. 7. Indiana Y. P. C. U. Convention, Auklandon.

* *

DOWN AT MURRAY GROVE

There is a story told of two young men one of whom had been seriously smitten and the other was asking him about the young lady. The first confessed that the match had been broken off, and his friend, expressing surprise, said, "Why I thought it was a case of love at first sight." "It was," said the first. "Well, then, what happened?" "Oh, I took another look."

There are not many who fall in love with Murray Grove at first sight. It has been suggested that it was only because it was too foggy for any one to see where he was going that John Murray ever landed here. But when one comes and comes again, he finds that the spirit of the place is getting into his heart, and he is glad when the time comes again to make the annual pilgrimage to our greatest shrine.

I made my first visit here in 1910, and I did not fall in love with the place. Nearly ten years later, in the early spring, I came again to get in touch with preparations for the convention, but that visit was very short. The strenuous days of that convention two years ago, with the crowded conditions, the lack of leisure, and the unnecessarily high costs, were not a time for falling in love with Murray Grove.

But I came again last year and spent four delightful days, and this time I am here for nearly a week, and I am almost persuaded that sometime when I take a vacation, this is the place to which I shall come.

The physical conditions are delightful. The Murray Grove House is large and homelike, with a living room big enough so that the stereopticon can easily be used. The Memorial Chapel is a good place for the classes. The Ballou House provides additional sleeping accommodations and the parlors and the porch are well adapted to social gatherings.

This year, Rev. Charles Kramer of Cooperstown, N. Y., has been in charge as chairman of the House Committee, and Mrs. Kathryn Mullen of Newark has again had supervision of the dining room and kitchen and the domestic arrangements in general This means two things: good meals three times a day and good cheer all the time.

In two days and a half I have seen only four mosquitoes, less than I would have seen in two minutes and a half on my front porch at home. The weather has been just right for a summer vacation that has a serious side as well as abundant recreational features.

The Institute

The registration at the combined Sunday school and Y. P. C. U. Institute is forty at the present writing, with promise of a large increase when the week-end visitors come to-morrow and Saturday. It is certain that the registration will be twice as large as last year. There is every reason to expect a steady growth in Institute attendance, for a number of churches in Pennsylvania, New York, and Connecticut not represented last year have sent some of their Sunday school and Y. P. C. U. workers, and others will follow their example later in.

More Room

It is evident that in two years more, or three at the most, another addition will have to be built to the Murray Grove House, or some other provision made for entertaining a larger number of guests. The Labor Day attendance this year will tax the present capacity.

With this larger attendance, a place for social gatherings will be needed. The porches at the Murray Grove and Ballou Houses will afford room for additional classes; the tennis court and croquet ground provide facilities for recreation outdoors, but when the attendance reaches the hundred mark at one time, particularly if the increase comes from among the young people, some place like the Pavilion at Ferry Beach will be essential.

The Institute idea is growing, and we will be wise to provide such facilities as will attract here and elsewhere the live young people of to-day who will then receive the instruction and inspiration they need to become workers and leaders in the Church of tomorrow.

The Spirit of Murray Grove

The second and third and fourth visits which one makes to Murray Grove bring one closer to the spirit of the place. One becomes more sensitive to the sacred atmosphere; it enters into one's soul; and soon he loves it just as John Murray did.

Here we should have a Retreat for ministers for a few days either before or after the Lenten season. It would be an ideal place, for Murray Grove is an even pleasanter spot in the spring than it is in midsummer.

Even as it is, one finds here under present conditions leisure for fellowship and leisure is a pre-requisite for fellowship. It is good to sit down and talk with men like Allison and Alvord and Atwood and Bisbee and Kramer. One wishes there were more of the same sort here. And some of our women ministers and lay workers are here: Miss Earle, Miss Ellis, Mrs. Mercer and Miss Ulrich. And besides these, there are fifty or sixty other good, loyal, friendly folk, young and old and in between —altogether a goodly fellowship. No wonder that it is easy to fall more deeply in love with Murray Grove with each succeeding visit.

Stanley Manning,
Director of Young People's Work.
Murray Grove, Aug. 31.

For the Quiet Hour

"We are saved by hope:" saved from arctic isolation, saved from corrosive bitterness, saved from utter despair. Times come when the only salvation left is to drop into some tiny patch of hospitable earth-soil a seed of hope. Indeed, the only salvation worthy the name is rainbowed and effervescent with hope. Not by accident comes it that the most hopeful and hope-begetting Man of the ages became the world's Redemer. None other could. Through all the music of His ministry to pain and sin sounds the dominant note of hope.

George Clarke Peck.

Open out eternity to me; tell me that I am a citizen of heaven; show me the country that awaits me; teach me that life is a journey, a marching onwards. Then I can do all things, endure all things, and the bitter feeling that all is vanity disappears.

Eugene Bersier.

Christ was essentially and pre-eminently the joyful and joy-giving Saviour. To doubt that is to ignore or deny the witness of his own lips, often repeated with all the emphasis which he could give. And yet it would surprise and even shock many good people to hear him called "The man of Joy." The world has never yet understood the joy of Jesus, and the very Church has only half believed it.

J. C. Greenhough.

They are never alone who are accompanied by noble thoughts.

Sir Philip Sidney.

If God is Spirit and man is spirit it is not strange, absurd nor improbable that there should be communion and correspondence between them. The odd thing is that we have correspondence with a world of matter, not that we have correspondence with a world of spiritual reality like our own inner nature.

Rufus M. Jones.

Dictate no terms to Providence. At whatever cost accept the service offered you, high or low, far or near. Then burn to the socket.

R. D. Hitchcock.

I find the doing of the will of God leaves no time for disputing about His plans.

George Macdonald.

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Miss Susan M. Andrews, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

NEWS FROM FERRY BEACH

The annual Universalist Missionary Institute was held at Ferry Beach Aug. 6-12.

There were fifty-four registered members and twenty-one churches represented.

The text book," Lighted to Lighten," was clearly and interestingly taught by Rev. Maude Lyon Cary. Keen interest was aroused and maintained. Sketches, impersonations and pageants strengthened and supported the work.

The aim of the course was: (1) To create an attitude of appreciation toward India and her people; (2) to show that the Light of the world for India must be revealed by the native leaders; (3) to understand our Christian responsibility in the winning and training of such leaders.

From this class a contribution was presented to the Clara Barton Memorial in Mrs. Cary's name.

The Methods Hour, conducted by Mrs. Julia Marley from Gardiner, Maine, was looked forward to as a time for the exchange of ideas, etc. Mrs. Marley gave the work in a pleasing and direct manner.

The work for the Clara Barton Guild and the children was so interestingly given by Miss Andrews that the members of the adult classes remained throughout the sessions.

A native missionary, Dr. Matilda Hunt, was welcomed and one morning she gave a description of the life and standing of native Indian women.

A stereopticon lecture on "The Mass Movement in India" was also given by Rev. Mr. Cary of New York. The Institute closed by members forming a circle and singing "Blest be the tie that binds," and those whose privilege it has been to attend returned to their homes with renewed interest in the cause of Christian missions.

Ella C. Perkins.

* *

FROM CHATTANOOGA

"I shall never forget this Institute," was the final verdict of each one who attended the fourth annual session of the Southern Universalist Young People's Institute, held in the Shinn Memorial Church, Chattanooga, Tenn., from July 28 to Aug. 6.

Lecture periods occurred each day, following a devotional meeting and breakfast. Mrs. Katharine H. Ball and Dr. Lewis B. Fisher lectured in separate rooms simultaneously for the first hour, their subjects being "Child Psychology" and "The Teaching Values of the New Testament." Dr. Fisher lectured to the entire group the second hour on "The Message of the Master Teacher," and all attended the third period when Mrs. Ball spoke on "Mission Study." The interest in all of these courses was pronounced. Dr. Fisher charmed by his personality and wisdom, Mrs. Ball inspired by her magnetism and enthusiasm. Both were popular with their students.

In addition to the above courses "Work with Young People" was presented by Edgar T. Williams of Chattanooga. The entire group took this course, also several Chattanoogans, as the lectures were given Sundays and evenings.

On Saturday examinations were given in "Child Psychology," "The Message of the Master Teacher," and the Teaching Values of the New Testament." This is the only Institute in our denomination which gives the examinations at the conclusion of the course.

The Sunset Services were remarkable in many ways. First of all, Nature was at her best, and the Saturday night gatherin on Lookout Mountain can never be for gotten by any of those present. Mr Ball's talk was poetic and uplifting.

Cameron Hill, Missionary Ridge an Signal Mountain proved ideal meetin places for the discussion of such subject as "The Reality of the Presence of God," "Spiritual Hints from Nature," etc.

While the attendance at the Institut was small the results can not fail to b good. Dr. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Ball an Mrs. Bishop were enthusiastic about th gathering, and predict for it a bright future The religious spirit of the Institute, th spiritual power generated, the atmospher of genuine worship, were pronounced fro beginning to end. The director believe that higher vision, nobler thinking, happ recollections, deeper religious experience will be the result of this meeting together and later we may look for capable worker devoting their lives to our Church.

George A. Gay.

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalis Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

INTERNATIONAL MISSIONARY OFFERING

It is to come in November; but September is not too early to begin to advertise it and to develop the international spirit, without which no missionary work can be of much avail. Notice that we no longer speak of "foreign" missions. "International" is a better word, being consistent with our thought of a world-wide brotherhood.

* *

THE CRADLE ROLL AT LARGE

Since January, 1915, when the present Cradle Roll at Large superintendent began to look after the little ones in the homes of isolated Universalists, many babies have been enrolled in this department, and each home where these children live has had the various messages, gifts, letters, and, for those old enough, some instructive cards. Bulbs and flower-seeds have sometimes been sent to all the Cradle Roll members, and the flowers that resulted have spread beauty and fragrance in many parts of our country.

But, small boys and girls soon grow to be five years old; at that age our tots are promoted into the Junior Home Department. That their places may be filled, will all who know of children who should be enrolled in this department please send the names of parents to Rev. Mary L. Hadley, Hallowell, Me.

* *

FAITHFULNESS AT ROXBURY

The school at Roxbury, Mass., has reason to be proud of two of its members. Miss Grace I. Cleveland has missed but one Sunday in ten years and Miss Grace J Stiles has missed but two. Neither show any disposition to grow weary in well doing, so we shall expect to publish a even better record for them in 1932.

* *

WHAT THE WISE ONES SAY ABOUT MISSIONARY EDUCATION

"If we are to include in missions the process of Christianizing all our social contacts in the community, in industry, in national life and in international relationships, then the scope, the aims, the methods and the material of missionary education will be greatly broadened."

R. E. Diffendorfer.

"The first motive in missionary educa tion must be 'to save the child from selfishness.' Its result will be 'to save the worl fron sin.'"

Frederika Beard.

"Missionary instruction is necessary fo the highest intellectual and spiritual de velopment of the child. Not alone doe he need missionary education because o what he may do for missions, but becaus of what missions will do for him."

George H. Trull.

"Missionary education aims to develo Christian attitudes and to express them i service to others."

Herbert W. Gates.

"An adequate program of religious edu cation must provide systematic and co ordinated missionary education in order t give every child information and the pas sion and habit of service."

World Survey on Religious Education.

Among Our Churches

Maine Letter

State Convention—The greatest event the Pine Tree State is the approaching convention to be held in Auburn, Sept. 5-27. Not only geographically, but from point of railroad connections, trolley lines, and state highways, Auburn is the most central of all our churches in the state, and the people there are making extensive preparations for a large delegation of visitors. The program, although limited to three days, is planned with the view of giving every auxiliary plenty of time for its sessions. The following leaders in the various departments of church work are among the speakers: Rev. Stanley Manning, Mrs. Caroline Barney, Dr. Geo. E. Huntley, and Mrs. Ethel M. Allen, while addresses have been promised from Rev. Fred C. Leining, Dr. Joseph M. Tilden, Dr. John Smith Lowe, and Governor Baxter. The letter of Dr. Mooney, the pastor of the Auburn church, should be read by every Universalist in the state. Let us have at least a thousand present at this great occasion. Everybody come! * * **West Paris.**—A most satisfactory arrangement has been made whereby Rev. Eleanor B. Forbes will act for an indefinite period as pastor of this church. Splendid reports of the work being done at this parish have been received. * * **Norlands.**—On Aug. 13 the Superintendent preached at this church. It was in this town that the Washburns, those staunch supporters of Universalism in the West, and especially of the church in Minneapolis, used formerly to live. * * **Kingfield.**—Since the resignation of Rev. Arthur M. Soule, this church has had no settled pastor. During the summer the church property was severely damaged by a heavy storm, and it was necessary to make extensive repairs. * * **Turner Center and Bretton's Mills** have extended a call to Rev. George A. Sias of Marlboro, N. H. * * **Stockton Springs** opened its doors for the summer, June 25. Rev. Harold I. Merrill has been acting as pastor, and Morris L. Brown of the Harvard Glee Club and Mrs. Webster of Bangor have been furnishing the music for the services. Attendance has been good, and it is hoped that this fine church will remain open the year round. At the annual summer sale of the Ladies' Aid, Aug. 10, over $180 was realized. * * **Brunswick.**—About 125 attended the annual midsummer service at Gun Point. Mr. and Mrs. Nelson McFadden and Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Wilson, who have summer homes there, saw to it that clams, doughnuts and coffee were provided. Rev. Harry F. Shook preached at the meeting in the grove in the forenoon, and all in all it was another of the many unusual things which make the Brunswick church progressive and wide-awake. * * **The Resignation of Rev. A. A. Blair,** who on Oct. 1 is to begin his new pastorate at Orange, Mass., is a real loss not only to the parishes at Livermore Falls and at North Jay which he served, but to the entire state. Mr. Blair has served with success several of our Maine churches, but at no place have his efforts brought richer returns than at Livermore Falls. Under his leadership this church has made rapid advances, while at North Jay steady gains have also been made. In all the surrounding region, he has been the one Universalist minister available, his services as a speaker, and at weddings and funerals, being in constant demand. For the past five years he has been president of the Maine Convention, and in this office he has been ever "on the job." Not only has he been an able presiding officer, but he has been untiring in his efforts for the churches of Maine. We regret his going, but rejoice in Massachusetts' good fortune. * * **Westbrook Seminary** has made extensive preparations for the coming year. The music department has been enlarged and strengthened until it offers opportunities for study not found in any other preparatory school in Maine. A large entering class has made application for enrollment.

Milo G. Folsom.

Church News and Interests

DENOMINATIONAL CALENDAR

Sept. 10. Barnstable Association and rally at Cape Cod Churches at Provincetown.

Sept. 13. Rockingham Association, Dover, N. H.

Sept. 21-24. North Carolina Convention, Outlaw's Bridge.

Sept. 25-27. Maine State Convention, Y. P. C. U., S. S. A., and W. U. M. S., Auburn.

Sept. 26-28. New Hampshire Convention, Concord.

Oct. 3-5. New York State Convention, Syracuse.

Oct. 5-7. Indiana Convention, Oaklandon.

Oct. 9-11. Illinois Convention.

Oct. 11, 12. Minnesota State Convention, Rochester.

Oct. 16-17. Michigan State Convention, Concord.

Oct. 19-22. Kentucky Convention.

Conventions and other organizations desiring to be listed in this Calendar should send dates of special events to Rev. Roger F. Etz, Secretary, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1922

Previously reported	1,727
Canon, Ga.	3
Smith Memorial, Carrollton, Ga.	5
Orange, Mass.	4
Elgin, Texas	14
Total	1,753

CHRISTENINGS

Previously reported. 750. Orange, Mass., 16. Total, 766.

PERSONAL

Rev. George A. Gay's address has been changed from 1512 to 1612 East Fourteenth St., Chattanooga, Tenn.

Indiana

Muncie.—Rev. Harry Adams Hersey, pastor. On Sunday, Sept. 3, the church began its regular activities, with Sunday school at 9.30 and morning worship at 10.45. The Y. P. C. U. will resume its meetings Sept. 10, which day is also set aside for our great early fall Rally.

Maine

Portland, Congress Square.—Rev. J. F. Albion, D. D., pastor. The Bible school will open Sunday, Sept. 17, the day before the opening of the public schools. On Sept. 23, our fall out-door fete, a picnic at Nonesuch, of which Mr. Winslow is in charge, will be held. Sept. 25-30 is to be set aside as Children's Week. Rally Day will be observed Oct. 1, concluding our program of "get-together," and beginning our real fall work.

Massachusetts

Orange.—Owing to the ill health and later resignation of Rev. Louis J. Richards, this church has been without a resident pastor since the middle of January. Regular services have been held every Sunday, however, attendance has been good, and activities have been kept up in a very satisfactory way. Four new members have been enrolled and sixteen children christened. During June and July the services were conducted by candidates, and at the parish meeting, July 28, a unanimous call was extended Rev. A. A Blair of Livermore Falls, Me., who will begin his pastorate Oct. 1. The executive committee have planned an interesting and instructive lecture course, the first lecture of which will be given Oct. 31.

New York

South Hartford.—Rev. Hal T. Kearns and Mrs. Kearns returned Sept. 4 to Bridgeport, Conn. Mr. Kearns has had a successful summer pastorate here, and church and community have been greatly helped. More than a hundred people attended the annual Old Home Day service, Aug. 20, when Rev. Lyman Ward, of Camp Hill, Ala., who began his ministry in this church thirty years ago, preached the sermon. Special music was a feature of the occasion.

Vermont

Hartland Four Corners.—Rev. Allan L. Carr, pastor. The second annual pilgrimage to this historic church was made Sunday, Aug. 20. A splendid program was given. In the morning, Rev. Harry L. Canfield, of Kinston, N. C., preached the sermon, giving a vivid and interesting account of the work in that state and of the new opportunities constantly arising. At noon a basket lunch was served in the parish hall, after which the guests visited the new Mary Marcy parsonage, the deed of which was presented and accepted at the afternoon service. Rev. W. H. Skeels, recently of Denver, Col., and now of Barre, gave the principal address of the afternoon, in the course of which he spoke in praise of the early church fathers, including Nathaniel Stacy, who went from this section to New York State and organized parishes there. At this service Rev. Donald Flower offered prayer, while Mrs. Janet Blackford and Rev. S. G. Spear, of Roxbury, Mass., brought greetings and told of the earlier days of the church. Mr. Carr is now settled as regular pastor here and is doing constructive work. It is thirty-five years since we have had a regular pastor, the church having been cared for by students. Many fine gifts were received from friends during this O'd Home Day celebration, and the church enters upon its 121st year with a fine outlook.

* *

NOTES ON THE GEORGIA CONVENTION

The Georgia Convention of 1922 is now history. It was generally conceded to be the greatest Convention ever held in the state. Two new churches were for the first time represented and took part in affairs, and more money was raised to support the work of the State Superintendent than at any previous convention. I was instructed to make another effort at Americus, one lady and her little son from Americus, who were present at the Convention, strongly urging it.

A. G. Strain, Superintendent.

* *

REV. AND MRS. H. L. CANFIELD ENTERTAIN

On Aug. 27, at their home in Woodstock, Vt., Rev. and Mrs. Harry L. Canfield gave a luncheon to a group of friends, followed by a program which took the form of a memorial service to Nathaniel Stacy. Mrs. Canfield gave an interesting talk on the early history of Universalism in that vicinity; Rev. S. G. Spear of Roxbury, Mass., offered prayer; Mr. Canfield led in singing; and Rev. W. H. Skeels told of Father Stacy's work in New York and of the Stacy Memorial Association. All together it was a most delightful and worth while occasion.

Notices

NEW YORK CONVENTION

The ninety-seventh annual session of the New York Convention will be held at Syracuse, Oct. 3-5, for the election of officers for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other business as may legally come before this body.

G. D. Walker, Secretary.

* *

MAINE UNIVERSALIST CONVENTION

The annual sessions of the Maine Universalist State Convention and its auxiliary societies will convene at Auburn, Maine, Sept. 25-27. for the election of officers and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before it.

Milo G. Folsom, Secretary.

* *

NOTICE

The books of the Corresponding Secretary of the W. N. M. A. will be closed on Sept. 15, 1922. Will those interested please pay all dues and contributions for the year before that date?

Rena A. Paul, Corresponding Secretary.

* *

W. N. M. A. BOARD

The Executive Board of the Women's National Missionary Association will meet at 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass., Oct. 3-5. Annual reports will be received and such other business transacted as may legally come before it.

Marion W. Lobdell.

* *

NORTH CAROLINA CONVENTION

The seventeenth annual session of the North Carolina Convention will be held at the Outlaw's Bridge Church in Duplin County Sept. 21-24.

Jno. E. Williams, Secretary.

* *

INDIANA CONVENTION

The annual Convention of the Universalists of Indiana will meet in Oaklandon Oct. 5, 6 and 7, 1922.

P. M. Mock, Secretary.

* *

THE BARNSTABLE ASSOCIATION

The Barnstable Association, of which Rev. Thomas Cross of Orleans is president, will hold its rally in Provincetown, Sept. 10. Dr. and Mrs. Huntley are to be guests, and Rev. N. W. P. Smith will act as hostess for the parish. All Universalists on the Cape are invited. Basket lunch.

* *

W. M. A. OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

The 29th annual Convention of the Woman's Missionary Association of New Hampshire will be held in Concord, Sept. 27, at one o'clock, for the purpose of election of officers and what ever business may legally come before the meeting. An address will be given by Mrs. Marietta B. Wilkins.

Mary S. Cole, Secretary.

* *

SENDING MONEY TO JAPAN

The General Convention is always glad to forward money to any of our workers in Japan from individuals or organizations. Those who desire to send money direct to Japan will find that the simplest and easiest way to send small amounts is by Postal Money Order. These may be obtained at most money order post offices throughout the country for either dollars or yen. This is a more convenient form for small sums than a bank draft, as it may be cashed more easily in Japan by the recipient.

Roger F. Etz, Secretary.

* *

Obituary

Miss Franc E. Robinson

Franc E. Robinson was born at Scipio, N. Y., Sept. 23, 1844, the daughter of John and Mary Robinson. She died at the Sanitarium at Castile, N. Y., June 20, 1922, after a severe illness of two months.

She was a loyal Universalist, a member of the church at Perry, to which she left $100, a generous amount, as her income was small.

Her nearest relatives still living are a nephew, Fred B. Robinson of Rochester, and two nieces, Mrs. A. M. Armour and Mrs Luella M. Taber of Castile.

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* *

A Sunday school superintendent, a graduate of Yale, was deploring the fact that children of the present generation do not memorize the Scriptures as they did a generation ago.

"I'll tell you of a practical joke," he announced to the children, "that a student once tried to play on the old president of Yale. He removed the Bible from the desk and put a dictionary in its place. Next morning at chapel the president announced that he would read the 119th Psalm. He opened the dictionary, and so perfectly had he committed the Psalm that no one ever knew that the change had been made, except the president and the boy who did it."

He paused a moment for this to take effect, when a small voice piped up, "How did you find it out, Mr. Mead?"—*Lippincott's.*

* *

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* *

Henry Ford is still talking about his currency scheme. What we want, Mr. Ford, is a dollar which resembles your well-known flivver in that it will go a long way, but won't go very fast.—*Charleston News and Courier.*

* *

Visitor from the home of baseball: "Well, I'm glad I've seen cricket. I've seen St. Paul's and the Abbey, and they are good goods. But, when it comes to hush and the subdued atmosphere, old cricket's got 'em beat."—*Punch (London).*

* *

Some time ago I took an old colored man to the picture show for the first time. When he came out, I said:

"Well, uncle, did you enjoy the picture?"

"Oh, yes," he said; "the picture was all right, but the piano made so much noise I couldn't hear a word they said."—*Charlotte Observer.*

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